
THE
WORKS

OF

JOHN HALL-STEVENSON, ESQ.

VOLUME III.

THE
WORKS

JOHN HALL-STEVENS

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FACSIMILE
TYPE
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THE
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CONTAINING,

CRAZY TALES.	PASTORAL PUKE.
FABLES FOR GROWN	MACARONY FABLES.
GENTLEMEN.	LYRIC CONSOLATIONS.
LYRIC EPISTLES.	MORAL TALES.
PASTORAL CORDIAL.	MONKISH EPITAPHS.

&c. &c. &c.

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

WITH SEVERAL ORIGINAL POEMS,
NOW FIRST PRINTED, AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

LONDON,

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS,
FOR J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY,
AND T. BECKETT, PALL-MALL.

MDCCXCV.

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JOHN HALL-STEVENS, ESQ.



CORRECTED AND ENLARGED

WITH A LIST OF THE
NEW FIRST EDITIONS AND
IN THREE VOLUMES
VOLUME II

LONDON
PRINTED BY J. B. ROBERTS
10, ST. MARTIN'S LANE
AND BY J. H. COOKE
10, ST. MARTIN'S LANE

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are marked thus *.

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The Commission of Sir Francis de Winton
and of the Lady Mary the 11th
A Bill for the Amendment of the
Laws

CRAZY TALES;

Σικηνη τας ὁ Βιος και παιγνιον. η μαθε παιζειν.
Την σπαδην μελathεις η φερε τας οδυνας.

Life is a Farce, mere Children's Play,
Go learn to model thine by theirs,
Go learn to trifle Life away,
Or learn to bear a Life of Cares.

*J'abandonne l'exaetitude
Aux gens qui riment par métier;
D'autres font des vers par étude,
J'en fais pour me defennüier.*

GRESSET.

First printed in the year 1765.

CRAZY TALES

There was a fine new woman, a lady of rank,
Who owned a house and a garden and a park.

Life is a farce, says the philosopher,
Go learn to make the most of it,
Go learn to make the most of it,
Or learn to bear a life of care.

There is a certain kind of madness,
Which gives one more than ordinary sense;
It makes one see the world as it is,
And not as it appears to be.
It makes one see the world as it is,
And not as it appears to be.

First printed in the year 1796.

THE
AUTHOR'S DEDICATION TO HIMSELF.

EVER HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

THE reverence and respect due to one's self is the greatest of all, says Pythagoras : knowing how difficult it is to serve two masters, the Author is, and hopes he shall always continue, accountable only to one.

There is something so engaging in your service, that, though he can seldom do any thing entirely to your satisfaction, yet he cannot find in his heart to be angry with you, or to wish to change his dependence.

He is too sensible of your discernment, to have any thoughts of wheedling you into an opinion of his performance : of the two, he believes he could sooner prevail upon the world to be indulgent : the world has too much business upon its hands to be a severe judge, or to be difficult to please in trifles ;

the world must be amused, but, like the *besoin d'aimer*, there is no necessity for perfection, to be one of the transient objects of its amusement.

All that the Author expects from you is, that you will excuse his folly, and admit his apology for suffering such trifles to appear in public; he can deal with other critics well enough, if he is not condemned by you; being,

Ever honoured and worthy Sir,

with infinite attention,

your most humble servant,

A. S.

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,

Excerptam numero——

Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis

Perniciem quæcunque ferunt; mediocribus, et queis

Ignoscas, vitiis teneor——ubi quid datur otî,

Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis

Ex vitiis unum; cui si concedere nolis,

Multa pœtarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ

Sit mihi: nam multo plures sumus: ac veluti te

Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

By

By a *manœuvre* I conceive, &c. an ingenious Commentator may endeavour to charge the Author with impiety, as if he ridiculed Circumcision; but, besides his being led into the mention of circumcision by Horace, he only speaks of the operation, not of the institution; that there is an essential difference between them, as well as degrees of nicety or ingenuity in the operative part, he will demonstrate.

No body can deny the ingenuity of his Cousin TRISTRAM's operation, if it had been produced by contrivance and study, instead of accident. If all children were circumcised by the Shandean operation, by the fall of a fash upon the foreskin, the difference in the operation would make no change in the institution; as a Priest would be a Priest, whether he received the Spirit by a gentle tap, or obtained it by a more violent kind of electricity, by being knocked down.

So far from any impiety in the Author's proposition, we are bound to believe, if there had been any fashies in the wilderness, that the Shandean operation would have been preferred to the Mosaic, which was performed by two flint stones; because the Shandean is more expeditious, less painful, less dangerous, and consequently nicer and more ingenious. Q. E. D.

Upon a proper occasion the Author hopes he will be able to clear himself as fully of all intentional obscenity, which may also be imputed to him by an ingenious Commentator.

TRUBLET, vol. IV. p. 6. "On compose pour imprimer, j'imprime pour composer. Si en composant je n'avois pas le but de l'impression, mon travail ne seroit pas assez animé pour me sauver de l'ennui, quelqu'eut été le sort de mes Effais, &c. J'en avois déjà retiré, avant de les publier, un fruit assez précieux que le succès même. Ils m'avoient longtems occupé sans trop m'appliquer."

THE
AUTHOR'S APOLOGY TO HIMSELF

FREE from all pernicious vice,
Yet not so scrupulously good,
To want a comfortable spice
To warm a sober Christian's blood.
The sin of Harlotry and Keeping,
Is that which I can least excuse,
That of cohabiting and sleeping,
With an abandon'd common Muse.
More like a Muse's poor toad-eater;
A trollop with a flippant air,
Without one amiable feature,
Or any graces to her share.
You tell me, if I needs must print,
You'll not oppose my foolish will,
And bid me take a sober hint
From sober folks at Strawberry-hill.
Stand forth like them, produce yourself,
Be elegantly bound and letter'd,
Be wise, like them, nor quit your shelf,
But there remain, for ever fetter'd.

I do not print to get a name ;
 As TRUBLET says, I am none of those ;
 I only print, because my aim
 Is happiness, whilst I compose :
 Composing gives us no delight,
 Unless we mean to publish what we write.
 Scribbling, like Praying, 's an employment,
 In which you think yourself a bubble,
 Without some prospect of enjoyment,
 And satisfaction for your trouble ;
 And though your hopes at last prove vain,
 If you have been amus'd, 'twas so much gain.
 If you still tease me, and persist
 That publishing shews a vain heart,
 The Songsters upon DODSLEY's list
 Shall be call'd in to take my part.
 And as they strip a lad quite bare,
 After they've coax'd him from his play,
 Then lay him down, and cut and pare
 All his impediments away :
 And as the lad without his leave
 Is made an excellent Musician,

By

By a manceuvre I conceive
As nice as TRISTRAM's Circumcision :
So, though you only just can scrape
Among the Fiddlers of the Nine,
They'll make you drunker than an ape,
And make you think you fiddle fine.

PROLOGUE

By a manœuvre I conceive
As nice as I have a wit's Circumfession:
So though you only just can taste
Among the Fiddlers of the Time,
They'll make you drinker than an ape,
And make you think you fiddle fine.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CRAZY TALES.

Quod petis hic est,

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

THERE is a Castle in the North,

Seated upon a swampy clay,

At present but of little worth ;

In former times it had its day.

This ancient Castle is call'd CRAZY,

Whose mould'ring walls a moat environs,

Which moat goes heavily and lazy,

Like a poor prisoner in irons.

Many

Many a time I've stood and thought,
Seeing the boat upon this ditch,
It look'd as if it had been brought
For the amusement of a Witch,
To sail amongst applauding frogs,
With water-rats, dead cats and dogs.
The boat so leaky is and old,
That if you're fanciful and merry,
You may conceive without being told,
That it resembles Charon's wherry.
A turret also you may note,
Its glory vanish'd like a dream,
Transform'd into a pigeon-cote,
Nodding beside the sleepy stream.
From whence, by steps with moss o'ergrown,
You mount upon a terrace high,
Where stands that heavy pile of stone,
Irregular and all awry.
If many a buttress did not reach
A kind, and salutary hand,
Did not encourage, and beseech,
The terrace and the house to stand,

Left

Left to themselves and at a loss,
 They'd tumble down into the foss.
 Over the Castle hangs a tower,
 Threat'ning destruction every hour,
 Where Owls, and Bats, and the Jackdaw,
 Their Vespers and their Sabbath keep,
 All night scream horribly, and caw,
 And snore all day, in horrid sleep.
 Oft at the quarrels and the noise
 Of scolding maids or idle boys;
 Myriads of rooks rise up and fly,
 Like legions of damn'd souls,
 As black as coals,
 That foul and darken all the sky.
 With wood the Castle is surrounded,
 Except an opening to a Peak,
 Where the beholder stands confounded,
 At such a scene of mountains bleak;
 Where nothing goes,
 Except some solitary pewit,
 And carrion crows,
 That seem sincerely to rue it,

That

That look as if they had been banish'd,
And had been sentenc'd to be famish'd.

Where nothing grows,

So keen it blows,

Save here and there a graceless fir,

From Scotland, with its kindred fled,

That moves its arms, and makes a stir,

And tosses its fantastick head,

That seems to make a noise and cry,

Only for want of company.

So a Scotch Minister in pulpit

Is wrought by his gesticulation,

'Till he is taken with a dull fit,

Peculiar to that vocation.

He cries, and throws about his snivel,

Their hearts are harder than the flint,

They let him weep alone, and drivel,

For not a soul will take the hint.

In this retreat, whilom so sweet,

Once TRISTRAM and his Cousin dwelt,

They talk of CRAZY when they meet,

As if their tender hearts would melt.

Con-

Confounded in Time's common urn,

With Harlots, Ministers, and Kings,

O could such scenes again return !

Like those insipid common things !

Many a grievous, heavy heart,

To CRAZY Castle would repair,

That grew, from dragging like a cart,

Elastic and as light as air,

Some fell to fiddling, some to fluting,

Some to shooting, some to fishing,

Others to pishing and disputing,

Or to computing by vain wishing.

And in the evening when they met,

To think on't always does me good,

There never met a jollier set,

Either before, or since the Flood.

As long as CRAZY Castle lasts,

Their Tales will never be forgot,

And CRAZY may stand many blasts,

And better castles go to pot.

ANTONY,

ANTONY, Lord of CRAZY Castle,
 Neither a fisher, nor a shooter,
 No man's, but any woman's vassal,
 If he could find a way to suit her,
 Collected all their Tales into a book,
 Which you may see if you go there to look.

ANTONY'S

CRAZY TALES, &c.

ANTONY'S TALE:

OR THE

BOARDING-SCHOOL TALE.

TALE I.

LUCY was not like other lasses,
 From twelve her breasts swell'd in a trice,
 First they were like two cupping-glasses,
 Then like two peaches made of ice ;
 With swimming eyes and golden locks,
 Golden embroidery and fringe,
 Like an ivory or Dresden box,
 Mounted with golden lips and hinge :

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Or

Or like the glory round the head,
 Of virgin Saints weeping and pale,
 When they are sacrific'd, and led
 To martyrdom, or to a male :
 Or as a comet's golden tail is ;
 Or like the undulating light
 Of the aurora borealis,
 In a serene autumnal night.
 It is a shame, says her Mamma,
 To see a child with bib and apron,
 At BARE thirteen, an age so RAW,
 Grown and furnish'd like a matron.
 But if it was a Burning Shame,
 Lucy was not at all to blame,
 But they, who in her composition,
 Infus'd that warmth which was the cause
 Of such exuberant nutrition,
 The work of vegetative laws.
 It was just at the age I mention'd,
 Upon a very flight offence,
 Miss Lucy was condemn'd and pension'd,
 Both against equity and sense,

Within

Within a Boarding-school's detested walls,
Doom'd to feel all its rigours, all its thralls !
To endure the hunger and the chidings !

To feel the longings and the watchings !
To dread the stealings and the hidings !

To bear the quarrels and the scratchings !
And then such billings, and such cooings !

Such Miss-demeanours and excuses !
Such Miss-takes, and such Miss-doings !

And such Miss-fortunes and abuses !
There was a Captain of the Guards,

A famous Knight of Arthur's table,
Expert in women, vers'd in cards,

A brother of the Turf and Stable.

He had such a command of features,

And was so droll and full of sport,

He could take off all the queer creatures,

And oddities of Arthur's Court ;

Set Arthur's Worthies in a row,

So very comical a Knight,

You could not single out and shew,

Nor one that gave so much delight.

One day whilst our Knight was busy,
 Extremely busy with her mother,
 Lucy had run till she was dizzy,
 About the garden with her brother.
 The captain's bus'ness being done,
 He faunter'd up and down the garden,
 As if he had neither lost nor won,
 As if he did not care a farthing.
 Yet his attention was profound,
 Observing Lucy grown so tall;
 Contemplating her breasts as round,
 And springy as a tennis-ball.
 The fight, indeed, was quite bewitching,
 I think I see him whilst I'm scribbling,
 Mouth watering, and fingers itching,
 To be both fingering and nibbling.
 To gratify the two young chicks,
 He roll'd his eyes, and acted Punch;
 Playing a thousand monkey-tricks,
 Making his back a perfect bunch.

With

With many a filthy flobbering kifs,
Courting in Punch's squeaking tone,
And wriggling and embracing Mifs,
As Punch embraces his wife Joan.
And how to imitate a breast,
The Captain said that Mifs had plac'd,
Swelling on each side of her chest,
Two little dumplings made of paste ;
At which Punch gap'd, and swore an oath,
That he would take and eat them both.
On Lucy's neck the hungry spark
Hung fix'd, like an envenom'd snake,
Leaving a deep-indented mark,
Which her Mamma could not mistake ;
For which irregular proceeding,
Lucy was sent to study breeding.
Lucy was angry with good cause,
For she had seen, in Summer days,
Necks very like her own Mamma's,
Without a handkerchief or stays ;

It might be fuller and more nourish'd,
 And yet a neck not more inviting,
 Lucy had seen it scrawl'd and flourish'd
 Both with marks, and with hand-writing.
 Lucy was under no mistake,
 For it was not so long ago ;
 Lucy was curious and awake,
 And old enough, she thought, to know.
 Would it not make one almost wild,
 If it was not so very common,
 To see one punish'd like a child,
 Only for acting like a woman ?
 To see the moment after, may be,
 Her mother acting like a baby ?
 Sent to a Governess of spirit,
 Lucy was watch'd from head to foot,
 Just like a rabbit with a ferret,
 For ever at the rabbit's scut.
 All the whole day in durance kept,
 At night the Governess with Lucy slept.

But

But Lucy neither slept nor slumber'd,
 She toss'd and tumbled all the night ;
 Her spirits were so much encumber'd,
 And flurried by the Captain's bite.
 Whether their poison they impart,
 By teeth, or nails, or by a sting,
 There is a virtue in some part,
 Of every poisonous thing.
 Though the experiment should fright her,
 Enough to throw her in a fit,
 Lucy must apply the biter
 Unto the poison'd part that's bit.
 Granted ; but how could she contrive
 To bring so hard a point to bear ?
 'Twould puzzle any wit alive,
 That had not a great deal to spare.
 There's a remark, 'twas made long since,
 MACHIAVEL made it for his Prince ;
 " A Prince, says he, completely cruel,
 " Throughout inexorably bad,
 " Is an inestimable jewel,
 " Seldom or never to be had."

Though cruel often, and hard-hearted,
 Lucy's Mamma could not withstand,
 She gave her blessing when they parted,
 And flipp'd a guinea into Lucy's hand.
 With one poor guinea Lucy bought
 All that the Wife, the Rich, and Great,
 So frequently in vain have sought,
 Both in the world and their retreat.
 No potentate could ever buy it,
 Nor any child of Power and Wealth,
 Tranquillity or mental Quiet,
 With Liberty, Content, and Health.
 Lucy conducted her affairs
 So circumspectly, and so snug,
 By bribes she gain'd a friend down stairs,
 And made a purchase of a drug,
 Which drug is, in the vulgar tongue,
 Commonly call'd, The Devil's Dung.
 Within the lining of her gown,
 In two small bags under each arm,
 She beat and fow'd it nicely down,
 As if she had sown down a charm,

The

The exhalation was so strong
 From every part of Lucy's cloaths,
 The Misses, as she pass'd along,
 Brush'd away, and held their nose.
 By far the greatest part presum'd,
 That it was owing to her hair;
 Others presum'd she was perfum'd,
 From being rotten as a pear.
 The scent so violent was grown,
 Her governess was forc'd to yield,
 The room, the maid, were all her own,
 Arms, tents, and baggage, and the field.

ODE TO VENUS.

O VENUS, awful Sovereign of the Spring,
 Could I like thy LUCRETIVS sing,
 Here would I pause, thy wonders to relate!
 Here would I pause to hymn thy praise,
 In adamantine words, stronger than Fate,
 And everlasting as his lays!

O'er

O'er seas and deserts, undismay'd,
Strengthen'd by thy inspiring breath,
The timorous and bashful maid,
Faces both infamy and death.
Driven by thy divinity,
Confounding equity and truth,
Order and consanguinity,
And loathsome age and blooming youth.
Behold the frantick passion how it burns,
Like a wild beast breaks every tie,
Laughs at the Priest ; the Legislator spurns,
And gives both heaven and earth the lye !
Let youth and insolence alone,
Provoke thy vengeance every hour,
But O ! spare those that know, that own,
Adore, and tremble at thy pow'r.
With thy propitious Doves descend,
And hear the tender Virgin's sighs,
The humble and the meek defend,
And bid the prostrate suppliant rise.

By

By VENUS LUCY was protected,
 Nothing was hurry'd, or neglected,
 The Misses, though she was quite well,
 Toss'd up their noses, full of airs,
 Though LUCY now had no one smell,
 That was not pleasanter than theirs.
 For a whole Winter, every night
 (Which made the wench grow monstrous thin)
 'Till the war call'd him out to fight,
 Had SUSAN let the Captain in.
 Scarce had he left his native coast,
 'Till LUCY, summon'd home, became
 A celebrated London toast,
 And the first favourite of Fame.
 LUCY was follow'd by a Peer,
 But all his arts could not trepan her ;
 After a siege of a whole year,
 My Lord was forc'd to change his manner ;
 So, like a wife and virtuous girl,
 LUCY, at last, was marry'd to an Earl.

MY COUSIN'S TALE
OF
A COCK AND A BULL.

TALE II.

AT CAMBRIDGE, many years ago,
In JESUS, was a Walnut-tree;
The only thing it had to shew,
The only thing folks went to see.
Being of such a size and mass,
And growing in so wise a College,
I wonder how it came to pass,
It was not call'd the Tree of Knowledge.
Indeed, if you attempt to run
(The air so heavy is, and muddy)
Any great length beyond a pun,
You'll be obliged to sweat and study.

This

This is the reason 'tis so good for tifics,
And will account, why no one soph,
No Fellow, ever could hit off,
To call this Tree the Tree of Metaphysics :
Though in the midst of the quadrangle,
They every one were taught their trade ;
They every one were taught to wrangle,
Beneath its scientific shade.
It overshadow'd every room,
And consequently, more or less,
Forc'd every brain, in such a gloom,
To grope its way, and go by guess.
For ever going round about,
For that which lies before your nose ;
And when you come to find it out,
It is not like what you suppose.
So have I often seen in fogs,
A may-pole taken for a steeple ;
Christians oft mistook for hogs,
Horses ta'en for Christian people.

This stroke upon my tender brain
 Remains, I doubt, impress'd for ever;
 For to this day, when with much pain,
 I try to think strait on, and clever,
 I fiddle out again, and strike
 Into the beautiful oblique.
 Therefore, I have no one notion,
 That is not form'd, like the designing
 Of the peristaltic motion;
 Vermicular; twisting and twining;
 Going to work
 Just like a bottle-skew upon a cork.
 This obliquity of thinking
 I cur'd, formerly, by Logic,
 And a habitude of drinking
 Infusions pædagogic.
 The cure is worse than the disease,
 'Tis just like drinking so much gall;
 So I keep thinking at my ease;
 That is, I never think at all.

Thus

Thus a presuming Miss designs,
 Quite overwhelm'd with foolish pride,
 She drops her paper with black lines,
 And trusts herself without a guide.
 No longer kept within due bounds,
 For any thing that you can say,
 Her letters, like unruly hounds,
 Running all a different way ;
 No longer writes as heretofore,
 But writes awry both now and evermore.
 But, *a-propos*, of bottle-skrews,
 You've seen a Parson at a table,
 Whose business was to read the news,
 And draw a cork, if he was able.
 And do remember, I dare say,
 The foolish figure that he makes,
 When the cork will not come away,
 For all the pains the Parson takes.
 By bit and bit he makes it come,
 Till he is forc'd against his will,
 To push it forward with his thumb ;
 He has conducted it so ill :

The reason is, his skrew is blunt,
And will not do as it was wont.

Thus with my head have I been here,
Screwing to get at what I wanted :
That you might have a Tale as clear
And bright as if it was decanted.
But as your time and patience are so short,
I'll try to get at it in any fort

IN Italy there is a town,
Anciently of great renown ;
Call'd, by the Volscians, Privernum ;
A fortress against the Romans,
Maintain'd, because it did concern 'em,
Spite of Rome, and all her omens ;
But to their cost,
At the long run their town was lost.
Whether 'twas forc'd or did surrender,
You never need, my dear Sir, know,
Provided you will but remember,
Privernum signifies Piperno.

Clofe

Cloſe by the Franciſcan Friars,
There liv'd a Saint, as all declare,
All the world cannot be lyars,
Which Saint wrought miracles by prayer.
Her life ſo holy was, and pure,
Her prayers at all times, they believe,
Could heirs or heiresses ſecure,
And make the barren womb conceive.
Which was a very ſafe expedient,
And alſo wonderful convenient :
For there was not a barren womb,
That might not try,
Going between Naples and Rome,
As ſhe paſs'd by.
My ſtory will not be the worſe,
If you will but reflect with patience
Upon the conſtant intercourſe
Between theſe famous neighbour nations.
It is ſo great, that I dare ſay,
The Saint could have but little eaſe ;
She muſt have been both night and day,
Continually on her knees.

For I can prove it very clear,
That many of those wombs are barren ;
Which wombs, were they transplanted here,
Would breed like rabbits in a warren.
Near Terracina, once called Anxur,
There is a place call'd Bosco Folto,
A castle standing on a bank, Sir,
The seat of the Marchese STOLTO.
In history you all have read,
Most of you have, I'm pretty sure,
How on that road there is no bed,
Nor any inn, you can endure.
For STOLTO I had got a letter,
From my good friend, Prince MALA-FEDE,
And from the Princess a much better,
Wrote to his Excellency's Lady.
The Marquis is advanc'd in years,
And dries you so, there's no escaping ;
The merriest, when he appears,
Yawn, and set the rest a gaping |

Seccare is a word of fun ;

It means to dry, as you may find,
Not like the fire, or like the sun,
But like a cold unpleasant wind.

But she is perfectly well bred ;

Neither too forward, nor too shy :

I never did, in any head,

In all my life, see such an eye ;
Nor such a head on any shoulders ;

Nor such a neck, with such a swell

That could present itself so well,
To all the critical beholders.

Four years the Marquis was hum-drumming,

In that same place, with his bed-fellow,
Waiting for the happy coming

Of a young Marquis, a STOLTELLO:

As soon as ever he arrives,

The family is to be sent to
The Cardinal at Benevento,

For the remainder of their lives.

The Cardinal is STOLTO's nephew,
His age is only twenty-seven ;
And of that age, alas how few !
Who think, like him, of nought but Heaven.
His aunt will manage and take care
Of all the Cardinal's affairs,
STOLTELLO is to be his heir,
When he has finish'd all his prayers.
STOLTO may live as he thinks good,
His life delightfully will run,
Between his castle in the wood,
His wife, his nephew, and his son.
And yet, according to Fame's trumpet
(Who very seldom trumpets right)
His wife was reckon'd a great strumpet,
His nephew a great hypocrite.
I don't believe a word of that,
The world will talk, and let it chat :
You cannot think her in the wrong,
To grow quite weary of the place ;
She thought STOLTELLO staid so long,
He was ashamed to shew his face.

STOLTO.

STOLTO had heard the Holy Maid
 Always cry'd up both far and near;
 And he believ'd she could persuade
 His son STOLTELLO to appear.
 Considering what time was past,
 How they had try'd, and better try'd,
 STOLTO advis'd his wife at last,
 To go and be fecundify'd.
 The Marquis told me the whole story,
 Which he had from the Marchesina;
 And it is so much to her glory,
 'Tis all the talk of Terracina.
 The very night that she came back,
 He was in such a fisting cue;
 He almost put her to the rack,
 Till she discover'd all she knew.
 First his acknowledgment being paid,
 A pepper-cornish kind of due;
 As they were laid, compos'd and staid,
 She told him just as I tell you:

Before the Marchioness sets out,
It will be proper, on reflection,
To obviate a certain doubt,
A doubt that looks like an objection.
Here, because they know no better,
The snarlers think they've found a bone;
They think the Marquis would not let her
Go such an errand all alone.
A Lady, you must understand,
That visits, to fulfil HER vows,
A holy house, or holy land,
Commonly goes without her spouse,
And so, by keeping herself still,
Quiet and sober in her bed,
She never thinks of any ill,
Nothing unclean enters her head.
You're satisfy'd your doubt was weak,
And now the Marchioness may speak.
As you foretold, before I went,
The Saint was so engag'd, and watch'd,
That a whole week and more was spent,
Before my bus'ness was dispatch'd.

Indeed,

Indeed, you would have greatly pity'd,
 If you had seen me but, my Dear;
 Howe'er, at last, I was admitted,
 And what I met with you shall hear.
 The Saint and I sat on a bench;
 Before us, on a couch, there lay
 A pretty little naked wench,
 That minded nothing but her play.
 Her play was playing with a mouse,
 That popp'd his head in, went and came,
 And nestled in its little house,
 It was so docible and tame.
 Guess where the mouse had found a bower,
 You are so dull, it is a shame;
 You cannot guess in half an hour,
 I'll lay your hand upon the same.
 These, cry'd the Saint, are all ideal,
 Visions all, and nothing real,
 Yet they will animate your blood,
 And rouse and warm the pregnant powers,
 Just like the ling'ring sickly bud,
 Open'd by fructifying showers.

If you are violently heated,

Remember in your greatest needs,

Your Ave Mary be repeated,

Till you have gone through all your beads :

Take heed, they're going to begin,

I see the visions coming in.

First came a Cock, and then a Bull,

And then a Heifer and a Hen ;

Till they had got their bellies full,

On and off, and on again.

And then I spy'd a foolish Filly,

That was reduc'd to a strange pass,

Languishing, and looking silly,

At the proposals of an Ass.

I turn'd about and saw a fight,

Which was a fight I could not bear,

A filthy Horse, with all his might,

Gallanting with a filthy Mare.

And lo ! there came a dozen Priests !

And all the Priests shaven and thorn !

And they were like a dozen beasts,

Naked as ever they were born :

And

And they pass'd on,
 One by one,
 Every one with an exalted horn.
 Then they drew up and stood a while,
 In rank and file,
 And after, march'd off the parade,
 One by one,
 Falling upon
 The miserable, naked Maid.
 Nothing could equal my surprize,
 To see her go through great and small !
 And after that, to see her rise,
 And turn the joke upon them all !
 And I kept praying still and counting,
 In a prodigious fret and heat,
 And she successively kept mounting,
 And always kept a steady feat.
 Till having finish'd her career,
 The Priests were terribly perplex'd,
 They could not tell which way to steer,
 Nor whereabout to settle next.

Brother

Brother was running after brother,
 Turning their horns against each other ;
 The Holy Maid cry'd out aloud,

Heaven deliver us from sin :

And I turn'd up my eyes and bow'd,

And said Amen within :

The instant that I spoke,

The visions vanish'd into smoke.

Now, said the Marchioness, and smil'd,

Now I'll *tofs up with you* for a child.

Already at your post indeed !

Bravo—Bravissimo—proceed.—

I find, my dear, you are so stout,

So firmly fix'd to make a boy,

I feel—I feel—you'll make it out !

'Tis done, said she—I wish you joy.

Accordingly the Marquis swore,

That very night he did a feat,

Which he had seldom done before,

That night he ran a second heat.

And from that night computing fair,
 She had conceiv'd,
 About five months when I was there,
 As both the Marchionefs and he believ'd.
 For four months after I repafs'd,
 Calling again, to avoid thofe inns,
 And found her brought to bed at laft,
 Of twins,
 So ftout, the brothers might have pafs'd for
 POLLUX and CASTOR.
 And fo, at laft, his coft and toil,
 The Marquis was oblig'd to own,
 Were laid out on a grateful foil,
 At laft, he reap'd as he had fown.

MISS

MISS IN HER TEENS:

CAPTAIN SHADOW'S TALE.

TALE III.

MISS MOLLY was almost fourteen,
 Her Cousin DICK a year older,
 The diff'rence of a year between
 Was very easy to be seen,
 For DICK was grown a year bolder.
 Though he was grown bolder and braver,
 MOLLY grew bashfuller and shier,
 So serious and so much graver,
 She hardly would let DICK come nigh her.
 The year before, upon no score,
 Would DICK be caught in such a trick,
 As either peeping through a nick,
 Or through the key-hole of a door.

The

The year before Miss had no fears,
And there was no such thing as squealing;
And DICK had neither eyes nor ears,
Neither taste, nor smell, nor feeling.
Until this year, as I have heard,
DICK was unlucky, but not rude;
And MOLLY so far from a prude,
Till now her door was never barr'd.
One afternoon Mamma rode out,
Papa was laid up in the gout :
Well, and what became of MOLLY ?
If she had taken her to ride,
She should have been confin'd and try'd,
For flagrant and wilful folly.
When they are let out of the cage,
Let out without consideration,
All children of a certain age,
Are given much to observation.
Their judgement's so exceeding weak,
Their fancy so exceeding strong,
That you can neither act nor speak,
They are so apt to take things wrong.

So neither Miss, nor Dick the sapling,
With Madam rides ;
She is attended by the Chaplain,
And none besides.
Which of the two were better pleas'd,
Is difficult to say, I own.
Miss and Papa had been so teas'd,
They both were pleas'd to be alone.
Up to her chamber MOLLY's flown,
Fast bolted is her chamber-door,
So cautious the damsel's grown,
From what Miss MOLLY was before.
Ever since DICK began to pry,
Ever since MOLLY cast her frock,
She never ventures to rely
On the protection of a lock.
MOLLY suspects her cousin DICK,
Her cousin DICK's so plaguy fly,
That lock, or any lock, can pick,
That DICK has any mind to try.
DICK pick the lock ! it could not be,
If MOLLY only had the sense,

As soon as she had turn'd the key,

Not to have taken it from thence.

MOLLY would gladly have compounded,

If DICK would let her 'scape so cheap,

Whenever MOLLY was impounded,

She left that hole for DICK to peep.

She was aware there was no keeping,

No hindering cousin DICK from peeping :

For sure as ever you're alive,

Either with gimlet or skewer,

Her cousin RICHARD would contrive

To bore a hole, somewhere to view her.

For some particular affair,

That MOLLY had in agitation,

She did not at that juncturè care,

To be expos'd to speculation.

She clapp'd a fire-skreen to the hole,

To hinder cousin DICK from spying ;

Little imagining, poor soul !

That DICK was in her closet lying.

The room, as you have heard me tell,

At all times had been MOLLY's own ;

The closet was a citadel

Of a late date, to awe the town.

Mamma had thought upon the case,

And thinking made her more afraid,

A closet was a dangerous place

For stratagem and ambuscade ;

So the room still to Miss remains,

The fort to Mamma appertains.

The key that opens this same fort,

Mamma had lost, in a strange sort,

In riding out, the key she lost ;

And it was found by Dick at play,

Upon the spot where it was tofs'd,

Upon a heap of new-made hay.

Her pad, I fancy, for my part,

Is badly broke, and apt to flart :

And by a sudden jerk or spring,

Or swing, or some such thing,

Out flew the key, as if a stone

Had flown

Out of a sling.

Pray,

Pray, where was Miss's great neglect?
 Where was MOLLY's indiscretion?
 This treach'rous key could she suspect
 To be in cousin Dick's possession?
 She was so circumspect and cool,
 Each nook and cranny she survey'd;
 She even examin'd the close-stool,
 But DICK was in the closet laid.
 Whate'er he saw, DICK never told,
 And that is much for one so young,
 When people that are twice as old,
 Have twice as indiscreet a tongue.
 It must be something very curious,
 Some strange extraordinary matter;
 DICK star'd and look'd quite wild and furious
 Just when he bounc'd out and flew at her.
 Though she was cruelly betray'd,
 DICK made up matters very soon,
 MOLLY was reconcil'd, DICK stay'd
 And spent a pleasant afternoon.
 The point was long, and well debated;
 But DICK so solemnly protested,

By MOLLY he was reinstated,
And with the key fairly invested.
Mamma perceiv'd the key was stray'd,
And sent the Chaplain out to look ;
'Twas not for that she was dismay'd,
But she had lost her pocket-book.
He found the book, which was the best ;
As to the key, the careful mother,
Before she laid her head to rest,
Sent and bespoke just such another.
'Twas well she let the lock remain :
Had it been chang'd on his report,
It would have caus'd infinite pain,
And spoil'd a deal of harmless sport.
In a short time MOLLY grew sick,
Every day sicker and sicker ;
MOLLY's complaints came very thick,
Every day thicker and thicker.
She was advis'd to change the air ;
She did, but no-body knows where.
MOLLY came home a different thing,
Both in her shape and every feature,

From

From what she went away in spring,
 You never saw a virgin sweeter.
 'Squire NODDY coming from his travels,
 By MOLLY is a captive led;
 He to her Sire his mind unravels,
 Her Sire consents, and MOLLY's wed.
 It is six years that 'Squire NODDY
 Has had the care of MOLLY's body;
 And they have children half a dozen;
 But what is very odd is this,
 That none of all the six should miss,
 But every one be like her cousin.

THE HISTORY OF THE

111

From which the great way to safety

Is to be true to your virginity

And not to be a whore, for that is the

Way to ruin and to shame

For he that is a whore is

Not to be trusted, and he that is

Not to be trusted is not to be

Used, and he that is not to be

Used is not to be loved

And he that is not to be loved

Is not to be married

For every one that is married

Is not to be trusted

And he that is not to be trusted

Is not to be loved

And he that is not to be loved

Is not to be married

For every one that is married

Is not to be trusted

And he that is not to be trusted

Is not to be loved

And he that is not to be loved

Is not to be married

ZACHARY'S TALE;

OR THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND CURED;

The ACTORS in this DRAMATIC TALE, are

The Suspicious Husband, ANGRAVALLE.

His Wife, BINDOCCHIA.

Her Friend, PAULINA.

Her Husband's Friend, NICENO.

SCENE NAPLES.

PART the FIRST.

E 3

Z. M.

Z. M*. Esquire,

A living Monument
Of the Friendship and Generosity of the Great ;
After an Intimacy of thirty Years,
With most of the great Personages of these Kingdoms,
Who did him the Honour to assist him
In the laborious Work
Of getting to the far End of a great Fortune,
These his Noble Friends,
From Gratitude for the many happy Days and Nights
Enjoy'd by his Means,
Exalted him, through their Influence,
In the forty-seventh Year of his Age,
To an Ensigncy ;
Which he actually enjoys at present
In GIBRALTAR.

* Zachary Moore.

ODE TO ZACHARY.

*Omnis Aristippum decuit, color, et modus, et res—
Nunc in Aristippi furtim præcepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus submittere conor—*

WHAT sober heads hast thou made ake?
How many hast thou kept from nodding?
How many wise-ones, for thy sake,
Have flown to thee, and left off plodding?
Thou wouldst, although the grave-ones shake
Their solemn locks, and strike one mute,
As soon be in the infernal lake,
As in the place of **PITT** or **BUTE**;
Whose heads incessantly send forth
Projects with glittering trains, like squibs,
And scatter, through the South and North,
Vollies of Ministerial Fibs.
Asleep, down precipices hurry'd,
Or, like **PROMETHEUS**, chain'd to rocks—

By vultures gnaw'd, or monsters worry'd,
 Hell-hounds, whose cry is, *Dei Vox*—
 Or, victims to a heavier curse,
 They dream they're dup'd, and fall unpity'd;
 To fall a dupe is ten times worse
 Than to be worried and Dewitted.
 Philosophy and Grace is thine,
 Not spiritual Grace, but sprightly;
 Inspir'd by the God of Wine,
 Inspir'd like old ANACREON nightly.
 That Light divine, that heavenly Grace,
 I fear, alas ! thou wouldst not chuse;
 That shines and blackens WHITEFIELD's face,
 Like the japan upon his shoes.
 Whether thy Grace from Heaven descends,
 Or rises from the earth below,
 Oft hast thou rais'd thy helpless friends,
 Oft given thy purse unto thy foe.—
 Who gives his foe his purse outright
 Shews plain, if I have any skill,
 Not only that he bears no spite,
 But that he bears him a good-will.

And also is perhaps as meek,
And is as little of a bite,
As he who only gives his cheek
(For LESLY gives nought else) to smite;
Or WHITEFIELD, emptying the pockets
Of whores, and bawds, and gaping throngs;
Turning his eyes out of their sockets,
Singing and felling DAVID's songs.
Now thou art gone, where can I find
Spirit and ease above controul,
Serenity and health of mind,
And gaiety and strength of soul?
Precepts I find, examples none,
And guides as blind as a guide-stone.
The sportive Muse is my Physician,
To cure the folly, and the madness,
Of pride of Envy, and Ambition,
Of Spleen, and melancholy Sadness.
Soon as I touch the jocund lyre,
That instant, driven from their seat,
The dæmons of the mind retire,
And go and persecute the Great.

O! may

O ! may their torments never cease,
May they be scourg'd both night and day,
Till they have brought thee back in peace,
And then, like thee, may they be ever gay !

*This is so long a Tale, that ZACHARY thought it would
be better divided into Two Parts.*

BANDELLO lived in the sixteenth century, in high reputation for his wit, and corresponded with all the great men of that age. He retired into France upon the taking of Milan by the Spaniards, at which time all his papers were burnt. In 1551 he was made Bishop of Agen in France, where his Novels were first published.

Outcries against writings, composed with no worse intention than to promote good-humour and cheerfulness, by fighting against the *Tædium Vitæ*, were reserved for an age of refined hypocrisy. There ought to be a great distinction between obscenity, evidently designed to inflame the passions, and a ludicrous liberty, which is frequently necessary to shew the true ridicule of hypocritical characters, which can give offence to none, but such as are afraid of every thing that has a tendency to unmasking.

The

The second part of this Tale is upon a different plan from BANDELLO's. ZACHARY has told the Bishop's Tale with more modesty than the Bishop, and I think the catastrophe is more natural. The best edition of BANDELLO is printed at Lucca in 1554; and reprinted in London, in three volumes, quarto, 1740.

ZACHARY'S

ZACHARY'S TALE.

TALE IV.

HOW oft has **BOCCACE** been translated

And blunder'd,

And **JEAN FONTAINE** assassinated

And plunder'd !

Where is the land where **BOCCACE** and **FONTAINE**
Have not in effigy been slain ?

FONTAINE they imitate and turn,

BOCCACE they represent and render,

Just as the figures, made to burn,

Are like the Pope and the Pretender.

Why mayn't **BANDELLO** have a rap ?

Why mayn't I imitate **BANDELLO** ?

There never was a Prelate's cap

Bestow'd upon a droller fellow.

Like **TRISTRAM**, in mirth delighting ;

Like **TRISTRAM**, a pleasant Writer ;

Like

Like his, I hope that TRISTRAM's writing
Will be rewarded with a mitre.

There was a Knight, says our Bishop,

A Knight from Aragon in Spain,
So jealous, that you cannot fish up

His like and paragon again :

He serv'd ALPHONSUS many years,

Both in the wars and in affairs of state,
And fell in love up to the ears,

And would not give it up at any rate.

By bribes and flattery he won

Father, mother, daughter, and son.

And yet he ferenaded, sigh'd,

And was long doubtful of his doom,
Before he gain'd his lovely Bride,

With all the rights of a Bridegroom.

And after that, they also tell us,
That in less time than you would think,

He grew so timorous and jealous,
He could not sleep o'nights a wink.

He was not jealous, says the Tale,

All the time he was in training ;

'Twas

'Twas not till he began to fail,

And to fall off, by over-straining.

As soon as ever he train'd off,

The nights she pass'd can scarce be told ;

All night he could do nought but cough,

Torment, and tantalize, and scold.

BINDOCCHIA was lively and alert,

And had no notion of a bridle ;

She requir'd one, not only more expert,

But one as active as her spouse was idle.

Now ANGRAVALLE knew all this,

As well as either you or I,

When he thought proper to dismiss

Those, on whose help she might rely.

He dismiss'd both the men and maids

All together ;

Birds of a feather ;

Rogues, and intriguing jades ;

All but a fellow with a furly look,

Gard'ner, butler, groom, and cook :

And, to cut off all hopes to come,

From an intriguing maid at least,

He

He pick'd up one both deaf and dumb,
And neither fit for man nor beast—
Besides, he had such crotchets in his pate,
And such strange notions,
She could not cross the room without her mate
To watch her motions.

BINDOCCHIA was to be pity'd,
So watch'd, so scolded, so ill fitted.
Considering cuckoldom's a sentence,
That cannot be revers'd and null,
By commutation nor repentance,
Nor by his Holiness's Bull :
I cannot think he was to blame,
So much as many folks pretend,
To shut his doors, and to disclaim
All intercourse with every friend.
Those cuckolds, it can't be disputed,
That either heaven or earth can boast,
Have been, and always are, cornuted
By those in whom they trust the most.
However, all were not deny'd ;
He had a friend he valu'd next his life ;

A friend

A friend that he had often try'd ;

One, by good luck, related to his wife.

He was admitted, night or day,

To dine or sup,

Or to step up,

If he was not inclin'd to stay.

NICENO had an equal share

In the affections of this pair.

After much thought and perturbation,

BINDOCCHIA grew to have less care,

For the continual defalcation

In ANGRAVALLE's bills of fare.—

Though you may think her patience strange,

She thought, but not without some doubt,

The posture of affairs would change,

That things would turn, and come about.

Two months were gone, which was a shame,

Without receiving any news,

Though she had oft put in her claim,

And often tickled for her dues ;

The longer he was in arrear,

Her case and his grew still more queer.

In short, there was no end of waiting ;
 Her husband grew so great a debtor,
 There was no way of calculating
 The chances of his growing better.—
 Now, Ladies, I desire to know,
 In such a situation,
 Was it unnatural, or no,
 To cast her eyes on her Relation ?
 Observe, I said, to cast her eyes ;
 With those 'twas natural to speak ;
 To mingle also a few sighs
 With a few roses in each cheek :
 Except a blush, a sigh, a soft regard,
 All other forms of speech are barr'd.
 Accordingly, within her lips
 She had a tongue in due subjection ;
 Not apt to wander, and make slips,
 Without her order and direction.
 One day she went, upon leave granted,
 To see her Cousin—pray, take notice, Sirs !
 A female that she often haunted,
 Niceno's Cousin too, as well as her's ;

As usual, attended by the Mute,
And by the Gardener, her fellow-brute.—

PAULINA was her Cousin's name,

A perfect Saint in her demeanour;
Though she was spotless in her fame,
Never was any thing uncleaner :

She could impose upon the Wife and Grave,
And could, with TITUS, safely swear ;

She never lost a day that she could save,
Nor sav'd a night that she could spare.

BINDOCCHIA told her husband's case,

His former feats were not deny'd ;
But then his subsequent disgrace

By rhetoric was amplify'd.
By what means, or by what discovery,

Her Friend reply'd, can you be sure,
That ANGRAVALLE's past recovery,

That he is even past your cure ?
There's a disorder we call Fumbling,

Amongst the men call'd Fighting shy,
Teazing, tumbling, squeezing, mumbling,

Still worse and worse, the more they try.

Upon our skill in this disease
 All our whole happiness depends;
 All our importance, all our ease,
 All our pow'r of obliging friends.
 We must, when call'd to their assistance,
 Cheerfully undergo the Law :
 'Tis death to them to shew resistance,
 And worse than death to laugh, or pshaw.
 With all their humours, all their fancies,
 In every form, in every shape,
 We must comply ; nay, make advances,
 To help them out of such a scrape.
 'Tis by this single piece of skill
 That I command and rule,
 And make my headstrong mule
 Submit entirely to my will.
 BINDOCCHIA, indeed, I fear,
 That you, like many a haughty Beauty,
 Think that your goods ought to come clear
 Of every charge, and every duty :
 And so they will, my dear, by smuggling ;
 But the foundation must be laid

By

By honest industry and struggling ;

By credit in a lawful trade.

Have you, with both your mind and might,

Endeavour'd to set matters right ?

Casting her eyes upon a crucifix,

That hung within her cousin's bed ;

BINDOCCHIA said, I have try'd all the tricks

That ever enter'd in a head.

I could as soon persuade those thieves

To steal away, and leave their crosses ;

Or the fall'n tree with wither'd leaves

To rise and to repair its losses.

There never will be life within that lump,

Till the dead rise at the last trump.

PAULINA, this is my decree,

My spouse must have a Coadjutor ;

His Friend, all precedents agree,

Should be preferred to every suitor.

I need not tell you whom I mean,

Nor ask my Friend to go between :

He has had innuendos many :

But make NICEÑO understand,

That any scruples, if he has any,
 Are just like letters wrote on sand ;
 Or like the fears of truant boys,
 Which interrupt their brisk career,
 And for a moment damp their joys,
 But the next moment disappear ;
 Or like a boy in brief dispute,
 Whether it is a fin to pull
 A pocket full of tempting fruit,
 And rob an orchard that's quite full :
 Nature decides, and doubt no longer hampers ;
 He fills his pockets, and he scampers.

In fine,

PAULINA relish'd her design ;
 Her friend, by the same guard escorted,
 Return'd to her old station.
 That night PAULINA, 'tis reported,
 Finish'd her negotiation :
 Her arguments had so much weight,
 NICEÑO gave up the debate.
 BINDOCCHIA, put upon her mettle,
 Assembles and convenes

Her

Her powers, and all her wits, to settle
 And find out ways and means :
 She had not been an hour acquainted
 With her Friend's motion and success,
 Till she was taken ill and fainted,
 And carry'd off, and forc'd t'undress.
 Her mouth was drawn aside and purs'd,
 Her head turn'd like the flying chair
 That children ride in at a fair;
 Her stomach swell'd, and like to burst.
 All night in bed she made a riot,
 Her husband thought she was possess'd,
 She never had a moment's quiet,
 Nor he a single minute's rest.
 Just at the time that the cock crew,
 Out of the bed BINDOCCHIA flew;
 In the next chamber was a water-closet,
 Where she began to grunt and moan,
 As if she was making a deposit,
 And was delivering a stone.
 Her husband rose and follow'd near;
 And, if she had been off her guard,

She could have heard with half an ear,
He puff'd, and fetch'd his breath so hard ;
By smothering his cough he kept a wheezing,
Which for a list'ner is as bad as sneezing.
Hearing him wheeze, she blew a gale,
That seem'd to issue from behind,
And made her husband turn his fail,
And brush away before the wind.
So well did she perform her part,
Trumpeting with her mouth and hand ;
He had no mistrust of any art,
Or any dealings contraband.
At every foul report and crack,
That she in agony let fly,
He mov'd, and flunk a little back,
Like a judicious able spy.
Scarce were they laid till he began to snore :
BINDOCCHIA started out of bed once more,
And soon spoil'd ANGRAVALLE's snoring ;
He thought it was a kettle-drum,
For never any mortal bum
Made such a rattling and roaring.

Again

Again he was upon his feet,
 Again she was all wind and griping ;
 Again he made a safe retreat,
 The instant that he heard her wiping.
 His jealous freaks were never so kept under,
 But they would quickly shoot and flower,
 To every one's astonishment and wonder,
 Like mushrooms in a thunder-shower.
 The moment he began to doze,
 It was in vain to think of sleeping ;
 She started up, whipt on her cloaths,
 Ran off, and he came after creeping.
 Till broad day-light,
 There was no sign at all of ending,
 For she kept going all the night,
 And he kept list'ning and attending.
 The female cousins, with much laughter,
 Concerted all the scenes hereafter.
 Next day, the better to impose,
 She kept her bed, fatigu'd with purging ;
 And yet BINDOCCHIA often rose,
 Her provocations were so urging.

The night was like the night before,
 Hurrying, trumpeting, dispatching ;
 The same attendant at the door
 For ever listening and catching,
 Till he was weary'd out and spent,
 And quite convinc'd no harm was meant.
 At three o'clock that very morning
 (An hour convenient for horning)
 NICEÑO, punctual to his call,
 In the next chamber was in waiting,
 Convey'd thro' a window of the hall,
 Without much doubting and debating.
 There was no servant there to fear,
 Except the Mute, and none slept foundr,
 And she so deaf, she could not hear
 Ev'n an eight-and-forty pounder.
 The Gardener, by way of Groom,
 The only one watchful and able,
 Laid at a distance in a room
 Over the stable.
 And now BINDOCCHIA went to reap
 The fruits of all her labour ;

Whilst

Whilst ANGRAVALLE was asleep,

She entertain'd his neighbour.

He was so pleasant and engaging,

She stay'd with him three hours at least ;

And, though he wak'd coughing and raging,

Her Husband could not spoil their feast.

They went on joyously, for nothing caring,

(So keen is hunger)

Regarding him no more than a cheese-paring,

Or a Cheesemonger.

She groan'd, she trumpeted, and crack'd,

And made a noise so diabolic,

You would have sworn she had been rack'd,

And torn to pieces with the cholic.

I may thank you for all I feel,

Cry'd she, to ANGRAVALLE, coughing ;

If one was made of brass or steel,

You soon would wear one out to nothing.

Three months with cold have I been dying,

By your ingenious way of lying ;

Such usage is not to be borne,

Toffing and kicking cloaths and sheets !

And

And never cover'd night nor morn !

I could lie better in the streets !

Thus things being come to a conclusion,

Niceno stole away, she shut up shop,

Jump'd into bed without the least confusion,

Scolded a while, and slept sound as a top.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

ZACHARY'S

ZACHARY'S TALE.

PART II.

AT noon she rose, recover'd quite ;
 Her colour and her eyes confels'd,
 They were so radiant and bright,
 That natural physic is the best :
 As ANGRAVALLE had foretold,
 Natural physic carry'd off her cold.
 What could not be foretold so well,
 What he could only hope, at most,
 That night she rais'd him, like a spell
 Raising the devil or a ghost.
 Her charms and efforts were so great,
 His cure was completed ;
 Nay, 'twas so thoroughly complete,
 That all the proofs were twice repeated.
 But this, she knew, she could not long rely on,
 Nor would it do by half ;
 Unless a lamb will satisfy a lion,
 That can digest a calf.

That

That half is far more than the whole,
 In former times, was HESIOD's thought ;
 She was persuaded from her soul,
 That half is only more than nought ;
 And consequently less than half must stand,
 Just like a cypher, plac'd on the left hand.

This very sudden revolution
 Caus'd in her Husband a revulsion,
 Which caus'd a sudden resolution
 To yield, and follow its impulsion.
 His country-house wanting repairing,
 He thought to take a three-days airing.
 Though he had vow'd a trust unshaken
 For his BINDOCCHIA's late merits ;
 For all the trouble she had taken,
 To comfort him, and raise his spirits ;
 Yet when he bade his wife adieu,
 His jealousy broke out anew,
 He left the Gardener instructed ;
 He was to watch and lie *perdu*,
 To see how matters were conducted,
 And to report upon a view:

And

And after this the Knight departed,
Sadly foreboding and faint-hearted.

His Lady knew, that time, like riches,
Should be enjoy'd ;

Which are but lumber in one's breeches,

When unemploy'd :

Her greatest happiness she ow'd
To time judiciously bestow'd.

PAULINA was directed strait

The Coadjutor to secure ;

He was that night to officiate

In ANGRAVALLE's vacant cure :

Three morns he serv'd the morning service,

Three afternoons, afternoon function,

Three nights, like any monk or dervise,

He labour'd with great zeal and unction.

After such business and hurry,

It ever was my confident belief,

That he was rather glad than sorry,

When ANGRAVALLE came to his relief ;

Though the last night an accident fell out,

That might alarm a man less stout.

Returning

Returning through the garden late,
 He spy'd, within the avery,
 The Gardener lying in wait
 To perpetrate some knavery.
 Although betray'd,
 He knew his Cousin's parts too well
 To be afraid
 Of aught the Gardener could tell;
 Nor ventur'd, in affairs so nice,
 To interpose his own advice.
 As to all salutary measures,
 He trusted to that native wit,
 Abounding in inventive treasures,
 And inexhaustible as PITT.—
 In State Affairs, if not in Letters,
 NICENO may be an example,
 When we give credit to our betters,
 To make it generous and ample.
 BINDOCCHIA thus, upon the brink of ruin,
 Smil'd at the mischief that was brewing.
 She was peeping through her window-lattice
 Just when she heard her Husband's rap ;

Not

Not as a rat is,
 A rat that's peeping through a trap ;
 But as a cat is,
 A cat with a confidering cap.
 Whilst he was knocking at the gate,
 BINDOCCHIA sily descended ;
 She knew the temper of her Mate,
 Enough to guess what he intended ;
 Having, incog, upon occasions,
 Assisted at his consultations.
 The council-room was under-ground,
 Where he repair'd when he alighted ;
 The bill against his Spouse was found—
 And the poor soul to be indicted ;
 A trial was decreed,
 Proceedings settled and agreed.
 The Court broke up, all parties to their task
 Till things should be reveal'd,
 BINDOCCHIA issu'd from an empty cask,
 Where she had lain conceal'd.
 Her Husband took a turn or two
 To smoothe the wrinkles on his brow—

Then smiling, like a mind at ease,
 He march'd up to his Lady's chamber,
 And found BINDOCCHIA on her knees
 Before a crucifix of amber :
 A situation,
 That he beheld with indignation.
 But he kept down his swelling bile,
 Inform'd by sober reason,
 That his revenge, delay'd awhile,
 Would not be less in season ;
 She neither mov'd her eye, nor her eye-brow,
 Till she had sung the Litany quite through.
 Then rising with a chearful air,
 So modest, and so unaffected,
 That ANGRAVALLE well might stare,
 When he consider'd and reflected.
 However, with some perturbation,
 He stammer'd this Oration.
 I must return—this afternoon,
 On bus'ness, that I can't neglect ;
 To-morrow I will be here—soon ;
 Sooner, perhaps—than you expect.

I thought, if I did not appear,
 Knowing how great your love and care is,
 That you would certainly, my Dear,
 Be full of fears and quandaries—
 So I must instantly go back,
 As soon as I have got a snack.
 Whilst this same snack was getting ready,
 PAULINA call'd upon her scholar,
 A circumstance that kept him steady—
 And help'd him to digest his choler.
 His meal dispatch'd, he set out in an amble,
 Full of his great and wise intentions.
 BINDOCCHIA, in a short preamble,
 Explain'd her doubts and apprehensions,
 Laid open all her plans and schemes,
 Her arguments and speculations,
 Which were so far from being dreams,
 PAULINA thought them revelations;
 Her schemes, like Harlequinery,
 Were all dumb shew and scenery;
 The whole so artfully invented,
 So free from all affected airs;

It must succeed, if represented

By any tolerable players.

PAULINA had a part assign'd,

In which her cousin knew she shin'd.

They were resolv'd to try the event,

And set about it with good-will,

Knowing, before the night was spent,

They might be forc'd to shew their skill—

Which made PAULINA hasten home,

To be prepar'd against the time to come.

PAULINA told the Gard'ner in the entry,

To mind her message, and take heed,

To leave his post where he was sentry, |

And let his Lady know with speed,

That she had quite forgot to say,

The message he was to convey :—

That she had bus'ness in the town,

But she would send the fringe and lace,

Drawings and patterns for the gown,

By her own maid the Bolognoise.

BINDOCCHIA might keep her flattern,

Keep her all night, if she requir'd,

Till

Till she had drawn and done the pattern,
 And the designs that she desir'd.
 Though these were terms to him like Greek,
 Yet he deliver'd his commission,
 And did, as well as he could speak,
 Deliver it with great precision.
 And now as soon as it was night
 He lock'd the gates of the great court,
 And introduc'd the jealous Knight
 By a back way, or sally-port,
 Within the av'ry, in ambuscade,
 'His Lord and Master watch'd and pray'd.
 Being inform'd how matters went,
 That none had enter'd since his going,
 Except a wench PAULINA sent,
 A wench to draw designs for sewing,
 A Bolognoise with scarf and veil,
 Twanging through the nose and snuffing,
 As if she had been from head to tail
 Loaded with a Naples stuffing.
 The night was still, the moon was bright,
 When he, in an ill-fated hour,

Discover'd plainly, by her light—
NICENO passing by his bow'r
On which, with might and resolution,
He put his wrath in execution,
Our jealous Knight, in the first place,
Summoned all his wife's relations,
As witnesses of her disgrace,
And of his sufferings and patience;
Dragging along, with many others,
His Lady's father, and her brothers.
How did her brothers storm, her father weep!
When, op'ning her room-door, upon the bed,
They all beheld the Lovers fast asleep,
Upon her bosom lay NICENO's head.
But when they saw the Lovers rise,
How great their wonder! what must they suppose!
They hardly could believe their eyes,
Seeing PAULINA in NICENO's cloaths—
And here the injur'd wife began to hector,
Reading aloud the following lecture:—
His jealous fits were every hour,
Nay, every minute, growing stronger,
Till he had put it past my power

To

To bear his folly any longer.
 Having observ'd the jealous fool
 Following me when I was sick,
 Every time I went to stool,
 I own it touch'd me to the quick.
 PAULINA's goodness and devotion
 Were shock'd at my determination,
 Infisting it was a rash notion,
 Although she own'd the provocation ;
 Advising me to club our wits,
 To try to cure my husband's fits.
 Whilst ANGRAVALLE was away,
 Indeed, I blush whilst I am speaking,
 I spy'd the Gard'ner, where he lay,
 Watching like a thief, and sneaking.
 So, having found the thing I fought,
 A key that turn'd the garden-lock,
 I was transported with the thought
 Of punishing my stupid block.
 PAULINA, as she had often done,
 Borrow'd her cousin's cloaths, and in the garden,
 In order to complete our fun,
 Appear'd before the Gardener, my warden.

My spouse, we did not doubt the least,
 Would be inform'd, as we desir'd;
 We knew that the suspicious beast
 With rage and vengeance would be fir'd.
 His second trip, we judg'd, was to deceive;
 It happen'd just as we suppos'd:
 And now I humbly do conceive,
 He is sufficiently expos'd.—
 This is the true and perfect history,
 Of all this mystery:
 And now I do insist, his temper such is,
 To be deliver'd from his clutches.
 Her husband, conscious of her merit,
 Acknowledg'd his transgressions;
 She spoke with so much force and spirit,
 He promis'd before all the sessions,
 If she would pardon what was past,
 That this offence should be the last.
 And, as a proof that his designs were good,
 The Gard'ner should be discarded;
 She should chuse servants, and go where she would
 Unguarded.

BINDOCCHIA consented,

And never afterwards repented.

PAULINA to her maid retir'd,

Which maid was not according to the letter,

But in this fashion was attir'd,

On purpose to conceal NICENO better.

So well he acted, I'll engage,

That this NICENO might have play'd,

On any theatre or stage,

The snuffling Bologna maid.

PAULINA dress'd herself before she went,

Her maid had brought her cloaths for that intent.

People that I suspect for scoffers

Pretend that, whilst PAULINA was undressing,

NICENO made her handsome offers,

Which she could not refuse, he was so pressing.

They were together, 'tis confess'd,

Two hours before she could get dress'd.

However 'twas is undecided,

But as to him he was complete,

In

In every circumstance provided,
And fit to serve a pious cheat ;
But, to be able to serve two,
Is more than I, perhaps, or you, can do.

THE
PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S
AND THE
STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE.

A MANUSCRIPT.

FOUND AT CRAZY-CASTLE.

Supposed to be written about the time of Henry VIII

THE

STUDENT OF LAW'S TAIL

AND THE

PRIVY COUNSELLORS

THE

STUDENT OF LAW'S TAIL

A MANUSCRIPT

FOUND AT CRACK-CRACK

Supposed to be written about the year of Henry VIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S

AND THE

STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE.

ONCE on a time, how many years ago,
 As I could nivr learn, you cannot know,
 A Member of the Parliament,
 And a Law-student his relation,
 Rode out of town with no intent,
 Unless it was for recreation.
 Full fixty is the Member, and hath seen
 Many a famous King and comely Queen.—
 In yvery reign, in yvery age,
 He florish'd in prosperitie ;
 In the beginning was a Page,
 Now Privy-Counsellor is he.

His

His personage is grave and full of state,
Yielding him weight and vantage in debate ;
But with a boon-companion gay and free ;
 No ceremony, no mysterious airs ;
Just as a Privy-Counsellour should be,
 If he had been a Page of the Back-stairs.
The Student's Father is in perfect health,
Thank God, and waxes daily strong in wealth ;
 Wants not his son to get a heap,
 But just enough of Law
 To guard his own estate, and keep
 The neighbourhood in awe ;
And I dare venture to maintain,
Herein his Father's hopes shall not be vain.
Allbeit, he doth not attend the Courts,
And redith none but GEOFFERY's Reports ;
Yet PLOWDEN lying ever on the table,
 Opin and spread,
 He is counted full as able,
 As if he had him in his head.
So, as I signify'd before, these two
Ride out of town, having nought else to do.

Six miles from town this member hath a box,

For contemplation good ;

Where he retires, as thoughtful as an ox

Chewing his cud.

He creeps into his box of stone,

Sometimes for pleasure, oftener for whim ;

Or when he is tir'd of every one,

Or every one is tir'd of him.

It is call'd a Box, and there's a reason why,

Because therein a man lays himself by.—

Within a box, if you your cloaths conceal,

The fashion and the worms conspire,

To make a suit, that was genteel,

Fit only for the Sheriff of a shire ;

But good enough for you,

If in your box you lie too long perdu,

When you come out again 'twill be too late ;

You and your coat will both be out of date.—

Here then they 'light, and now suppose them dining ;

Suppose them also grumbling and repining ;

The bacon's fusty, and the fowls are tough ;

The mutton over-done, the fish not done enough ;

The

The cloth is drawn, the wine before them set ;
 Wine, like themselves, entirely on the fret :
 Muttering their prayers, exchanging looks askew,
 Just like two rival beauties in a pew.

What might have happen'd no one can decide,
 Had not, by fortune or design,

The Butler in the cellar spy'd

A hoard of admirable wine.

Bounce goes the cork ; sparkles the glafs ;

Cousin, here's to your favourite lafs ;

And here their purgatory ends ;

For after this

They enter into perfect blifs,

Drinking like perfect friends :

Drinking, because drinking promoteth joaking ;

Joaking, without insulting or provoking.

The evening finishes with equal glory,

The worthy Counsellor proposing

To make a closing,

By telling each a merry story.

I have one fram'd, says he, in GEOFFRY'S phrase ;

GEOFFRY'S, the Courtiers' language of those days.

The

The Student likes the motion well ;
 Says he, I'll answer you with one quite new—
 My tale in courtly speech I cannot tell ;
 But I can tell a merry tale, and true.

The student likes the motion well.

Days before I'll answer you with one date now—

My wife in County Down I cannot tell.

But I can tell a merry tale, and true.

THE

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

TALE V.

REIGNID in Yorkshire one of mity fame,
Clepid king GRIG, as *Kronikels* proclaim;
Thilk Prince delighted ay in mirth and sport,
Japis and jollitries of yvery fort;
 And now when pepil lough, and *rage*, and play,
 Folk name them merry Grigs until this day.—
 This King, I undirftond, hath *venimid* his *blud*,
 Whereby he hath loft his *corage* and his *rud*;
 Sore *shent* is he by Cupid and his mother,
 And woe-begone far more than any other.—

Clepid, called. *Thilk*, this same. *Japis*, jests. *Rage*, frolic.
Venimid his blud, tainted. *Corage and his rud*, his strength, his spirits,
 and complexion. *Shent*, hurt.

The Kingis mother dere, Queen WHITY *hight*,
 Because her *beer*, allso her skin is white,
 Is Queen of Cortesy, and Beautis Pride,
 Gentil and modest as a maidin bride.
 She sends to Potikers and *Leeches* grave,
 Prays them to spare his life, and membris save ;
 Ne drogue ne instrument mote him avail ;
 His joints are losen'd, and his cheekis pale ;
 And he that *erst* would sing, and laugh, and jeer,
 Hath not he smilid once in *haf* a year.

There is a Conjorer, a *sottil Wight* ;
 This Conjorer the Queen consults by night.
 The Neekromanzir, according to his guise,
 Casteth his figures, poreth on the skies,
 And redith how to cure the Kingis woe ;
 His Grace until an heling-well shall go,
 And bath his lims for fivin nights therein ;
 And fivin maidins, strippid to the skin,
 Shall *frote* his body, till one, by her devise
 And cunning touching, hele him in a trice.

Hight, called. *Heer*, hair. *Leeches*, physicians. *Erst*, formerly.
Haf, half. *Sottil wight*, a cunning fellow. *Frote*, rub.

Both

Both King and Queen, you may be very sure,
 Are in great haste to set about the cure.
 Now is she fetten forth in brave array,
 And with the *sely* King upon her way;
Yccompany'd with Minstrels and *japers*,
 Jugglirs and Morrice-dancers, cutting capers;
 One time that thing which Ministers delite
 Shall, in another season, breed dispite;
 For when the King is sad, it is ungracious thing
 If *everich-one* is merrier than the King.
 In this fort journeying, they come at last
 Unto the well, wherein the King him cast;
 His body chafid is, with special care,
 By fivin naked damfills passing fair.

The King hath view'd them well in every *piece*,
 Withouten splint, or malanders, or grease;
 Hard are their breastis, skin as smothe as glasse;
 Plomp be their bottoks, and as tight as brasse;
 Smale are their feet; each feature, every limb,
 Lies in the fairest form, and sweetest trim.—

Sely, sick. *Yccompany'd*, accompany'd. *Japers*, Jesters. *Everich*,
 every. *Piece*, part.

The Queen examinid hath craftily
 For Maidins of the best virginity ;
 None of these fivin hath spilt her maidins-hede,
 As in these days moch reson was to drede.
 Handlid and chafid with *sick daintyness*,
Wexid the King to gather *lustyness* ;
 And *notabul* it is to *everich* eye,
 How he is rais'd and cherished thereby.
 The fivinth day they all are out of pain ;
 Symptome of helth appearid very plain ;
 Whereat the Queen rejoices as is need,
 Honoring the Maidin who hath done the deid ;
 And yet when he returnid hath to Court,
 The King *mote* not be pleas'd in any fort ;
 And all that Lords and Ladys can invent,
 Shall but encrease the Kingis discontent ;
 Wherfor the dutyfull Queen hieth her,
 And counselleth again the Conjorer.

He spieth, in his secret *Boke of Magie*,
 How the same Maidins *mote* him *rectifie* ;

Sick, such. *Daintyness*, elegance. *Lustyness*, strength, health, &c.
Notabul, plain. *Everich*, every. *Mote*, might. *Boke of Magie*, Con-
 juring-book. *Mote*, might. *Rectifie*, set him to rights.

And

And yvery buxom Maid shall speke a tale,
 And yvery Maid to make him lough assail;
 And she that makes him lough shall thence be led,
 And have the Kingis company in bed;
 In bed, or any other pleasant place,
 Wherever it shall please the Kingis Grace.
 And lo the Queen these joyful tidings bears
 To Chappil, where the Maidins are at prayers.—
 Away the Maidins hurry them from Matins,
 Apparrelling themselves in silks and fattins;
 And all the fivin Damzils, out of hand,
 Are fet before the King at his command.—
 He doth ordain each Maid to speke by lot;
 Allso, because ne word shall be forgot,
 A Scribe is there to notice all they say.—
 And now six Maids have talk'd for haf a day;
 And yet, for all the talking they can make,
 They scarce can keep the Kingis Grace awake.
 Then came the fivinth Maidin in degree,
 But cannot speke her tale for modesty.

My tale, saies she, I wold begin, but fear
 A word unseemly to a modest ear;

My tale without this word cannot be told,
 And to deliver it I am not bold.—
 What means the Maidin? quoth the King *in ire*,
 You may *gloze* any word, if you *enquire*.
 I am no *Clerk*, saies she, her Grace well knows,
 Pleasith you, Sir, may teach me how to *gloze*;
 Bot I will trie to do the best I may,
 That you may better frame what I would say.—
 Of all God's creatures its the choicest fare,
 Yet he that has the least, has the best share.
 I shall not graunt your prayer, the King reply'd,
 Riddils are derk; and Paraphrase is wide:
 Bot well I know the Latin and the Dutch,
 Of Fraunce and Toscany I have a touch:
 Now, any of these tongues, if you're inclin'd,
 Fair Maid, may seem to shape what you would find.
 Dutch, quoth the Queen, my son, the maid demands,
 It is a tongue no Christian undirstands.
 Well, quoth the King, fair Maid, this dredefull name,
 That werkith in you so much strife and shame,

In ire, in a passion. *Enquire*, study. *Clerk*, scholar. *Gloze*, to wrap up ænigmatically.

Pro-

Pronounce they Fotz throughout all Germany;
Now you may speke your story *hardily*.—

Sir, quoth the buxom Maid, upon a time,
A jolly Knight there was in all his prime,
Soot were his eyes, and manly was his face,
Lusty his limbs, his body in good case;
A piercing and a pleasant wit withall,
Ne vice had he, but that *his means* were small:
Here the king turning, doth the Scribe beseech,
To lose no word, nor sentence of her speech.

Upon a *joyful tide*, the King of Kent
Proclamid hath a noble turnament,
There yvery Knight enforced is to be;
Unless he will be *held of villanie*;
Our Knight, Sir AMADOR the debonaire,
Mote thither with his Squire and steed repair:
And having traveled five days *anend*,
The Knight and Squire unto a meadow *wend*,
Ynamilid with pinks and cowslips gay,
Thro' which a rivir glides as bright as summir-day.

Hardily, boldly. *Soot*, sweet. *Means*, Fortune, Estate. *Joyful Tide*,
Time of Festivity. *Held of Villanie*, degraded and reduced to the con-
dition of a Vassal. *Anend* strait forwards. *Wend*, arriv'd.

Upon

Upon the banks grows many a beechin tree,
 And many a spreding oak most fair to see;
 There they espied in the cristal lake,
 Three nakid damzills of an heavenly make;
 Their *wimples* and their gowns of *broudid* filk,
 Ywrought with gold, their smokkis white as milk,
 And all their costly garments were display'd
 Undir an aged oak's ynticing shade.

Behold the Knightis color changeth hue,
 At fight so unexpected and so new;
 Not that Aſteon's hap *ydraddid* he,
 Worried belike for *sik* audacity.
 The Knight he blosh'd, because he *ahote* within,
 Such nakidneſs ſhall make a faint to ſin.—
 Gazeth Sir AMADOR with all his mite,
 Taſteth thereof the 'Squire but brief delite,
 For being more ynclined unto prey,
 Stealid their smokkis and their robes away.
 The Maidins noted the unworthy Swain,
 And calling to the Knight, declare their pain;

Wimples, Neck-kerchiefs. *Broudid*, embroider'd. *Tdraddid*, fear'd.
Sik, the like. *Tlote*, thought.

Soon

Soon the ynragid Knight arrests the Squire,
 And turnith to the Maids with their attire,
 Making excuses, he could do no less,
 For his intrusion on their nakidness,
 And with profound respect and reverence,
 Saluting each by turns he bears him hence.

He is hardly gone, before they all agree,
 They should have done the Knight some cortesy;
 And call him back; the eldest Suster spoke,
 Sir, we be Fairys living by this *broke*,
 And *sikirly* unfit it is for us,
 That have such power, to be discourteous;
 Wherefore some tokins at our hands receive,
 And for myself, this token will I leave:
 Wymen to pleasure you shall ever strive
 In any land, so long as you're alive;
 And you shall nivr fail in wymen's pleasure,
 And when you please, shall please them without
 measure.

The second Fairy saith, Sir Knight, my token
 Is of a nature wondros to be spokin.—

Broke, brook.

Sikirly, certainly.

And

And now the Damzill's tale cannot proceed ;
 Her face, as any burning coal, is rede.
 Quoth then the King, divining fottely,
 The word you seek is Fotz, assuredly :
 True, saies the Maid ; and so the Fairy saith,
 That whosoever Fotz he questioneth,
 Shall make an answer, or if none she gives,
 The Fotz shall fare the worse for't whilst she lives.

My Sufter, quoth the third, under correction,
 Your token's good, but lacketh of perfection,
 The Fotz may be, by accidental cause,
 So busy that she cannot move her jaws ;
 Whenever this doth happen, I intend
 Her next door neighbour answer for her friend.—
 The King no longer can refrain from laughter,
 Also the Queen herself him follows after.
 I will reward you well for this anon ;
 Mean time, quoth he, my pritty Maid, go on.
 The Knight *ne yvir* having seen a *fay*,
 Thinketh they *japen* him in that they *fay*—

Ne yvir, never. *Fay*, Fairy. *Japen*, banter.

He

He overtakes the Squire, and on they ride,
 Discoursing on the Fairys, side by side;
 Happened a *Freer* of a neighboring abbey,
 Rideth abroad in gallant pomp that day,
 Mounted he is upon a dapple mare,
 And looketh altogether void of care;
 Rosy his cheeks, a twinkling hazle eye,
 He seemid Patriarke of Venerie;
 Or Pontif of renowned *Baal-Peor*;
 Certes you shall not oft meet such a *Freer*.

The
Freer, Friar. *Baal-Peor*, or *Baal-Phegor*, from whence, perhaps, *Pego*, and the adjunct *βαλλοκ*, whose priests are opprobriously called *βαλλοκς*, or *Followers of Baal Beor*; who, according to Dr. Middleton, was a god of the Moabites, the same with *Priapus*. (See *Germana quædam monumenta*, by Dr. Conyers Middleton, S. T. P. in quarto, page 65, with two monuments elegantly engraved of *βαλλοκ-περω*.) The Doctor says, from the authority of the Fathers, that he was the hobby-horse of the women of Israel, page 69.—That the new-married women had an *Idolum Tentiginis*, which our language is incapable of rendering; and, that they not only took great delight in getting astride of this idol, but they were enjoined to do so as a religious ceremony. The Doctor has given a description of one of these idols, which he has had the good fortune to see at Rome. As our Ladies are not under any obligation to practise all the ceremonies of the Ladies of Israel, I am less concerned at my want of erudition to explain to them sufficiently the meaning of several of the Doctor's terms.

The

The Knight accosteth him, noteth the beast,
 The dapple mare that bears the stately priest;
 Fotz, saies the Knight, I question thee to say,
 Whither thy master hieth him this way?
 Finding she needs must answer him par force,
 Distinctly answers Fotz, tho' somewhat hoarse,
 What you require I will deliver brief:
 My master is *avowterer* and thief;
 He hath robb'd the sacresty of churches plate,
 And to his *lemman* beareth it in state.—

The idol's head is like the head of a cock, but instead of a beak, is a
 stupendous *Fascinum*: upon the base is inscribed, ΣΩΤΗΡ ΚΟΣΜΟΥ,
the Saviour of the World.

I cannot believe (however respectable the authority) that the children
 of the Roman nobility wore the *Fascinum* about their necks: I do not
 mean that it is an unbecoming ornament; one may be easily convinced
 of the contrary, by casting an eye upon the two belonging to the
 Doctor and his friend Dr. Warren, with which, as I said before, he
 has obliged the Public, in his *Genuine Antiquities*; but, considering
 the ingenuity of the Romans, why might not their *Fascinum* be the
 same, and for the same purpose, as that of the Chinese!—If the Doctor
 had seen those of Mrs. Chenivix, he certainly would have been of ano-
 ther opinion. But what is the most remarkable of all is, that in the
 Chinese language *Διδω* signifies a *charm*. A convincing argument of
 the weakness of an hypothesis, supported only by the etymology of
 words.

Avowterer, adulterer.

Lemman, mistress

The

The Priest, astony'd such a voice to find,
 Believeth Sathanas is there behind;
 Descendeth from the mare, voweth repentaunce,
 Leaving the Knight talking with new acquaintance;
 The Priest is lame, and no great haste can make;
 He waddles like a duck estir a drake.

Fotz, quoth the Knight, pray tell me as we go,
 What is it makes the Freer waddil so?

Sir, quoth the Fotz, about a year agon,
 Our Abbot and my Master, Freer JOHN,
 Discourfing, riding round the Abbot's Perk,
 Of leachery and prankis in the derk;
 The Abbot softly *rounith* brother JOHN,
 All fauncies have I *proven* everich one,
 Whereby a man may find the greatest joy,
 The pleasantest his talent to employ—
 Yet thereto, though I oft have been inclin'd,
 Have not I yvir practic'd *out of kind*.
 Nor I, says Freer JOHN, I do declare;
 Trie we then, says the Abbot, with the mare:

Rounith, whispers. *Proven*, tried. *Out of kind*, unnaturally.

But

But reason giveth property the place,
 Wherfor thyself shalt have the first embrace.
 Freer consents, and, for his evil deeds,
 Ungirds the cords whereon he strings the beads ;
 Bindeth therewith mine hinder leggis twain,
 Holdeth me fast the Abbot by the rein ;
 And letting go his steed, he praunceth by,
 And with a kick lamid the Freer's thigh ;
 Else had I been, upon my corp'ral oath,
 Ravyshed by a Freer and Abbot both.

Now forward Knight and strange companion trots,
 Laughing the Knight, and communing with Fotz :
 Upon a hill not far they do descry
 A castil fair, with *towris* broad and high ;
 Shaped their course unto the castil strait ;
 Opin'd the Porter hath the castil-gate.
 The Seneschal had led the Squire and Knight
 Through goodly chambris curiously *bedight*,
 Unto an hall hung round with tapestry,
 Of PHAROH's host, *drenchid* in the Rede Sea ;

Towris, towers.

Drenchid, drowned.

There

There at their supper fit the Gouvernante,
 Or Lady of the Cassil, and her Ant;
 This Lady is a Wedo fresh and young
 And frolikesome, and hath a merry *tong*—
 And looks so kind, and sings such lovesome strains,
 No marvel that her Lord hath *braß* his reins.
 Welcome, Sir Knight, faies she, unto my board,
 I have not seen a Nobler since my Lord.
 The Knight and Squire sit them down to eat,
 The board is cover'd with all kind of meat;
 Rich wines the pages pour in chrystal glafs,
 And many a choice conceit and laugh doth pass.
 The hour is late; tarrith the Aunt for spite,
 Riseth the Lady—wisheth a good night.
 The Knight in bed *ay* thinketh on his host,
 Sleep hath he none, for wantonness of ghost.
 This bounteous Wedo gives her maids a call,
 Chusing the best and fairest of them all;
 Biddeth her go unto the Knight, and say,
 She comes to solace him till it is day;

*Tong, tongue.**Braß, broke.**Ay, always.*

VOL. III.

I

And

And that her Lady bids her say in bed,
 How much she wishes she was in her stead:
 Bot may not have the opportunity,
 Because, for spite, the Aunt with her doth lie.
 The maidin flies ; her heart with gladness beats,
 Strippith, and creepith in between the sheets.
 Turnith the Knight unto the maidin gent,
 And both do pass the time with moch content—
 And aftir they have ragid to the full,
 Strokid the Knight, and givith Fotz a pull,
 And saieth, little Fotz, tellith me true,
 Be you aggriev'd with that I have done at you.—
 As I am a Christian Fotz, replied she,
 I nivr pass'd a night with so much glee.—
 Up fterts the Maidin, runnith in dismay
 Into the room next that her Lady lay,
 And finds her Lady up, and sitting there,
 Musfing and pond'ring in an elbow-chair.
 Yon Knight, quoth she, 's a witch or something
 badder,
 He conjur'd hath the Devil in my bladder ;

After

After he did me twenty times and more,
 Oftner than ever I was done before,
 He pulleth Fotz, and of its own accord
 Spekid the mouth that nivr utters word.—
 Child, quoth the Lady, set your mind at ease,
 Most of us all have had the like disease,
 Working anights at soch a grievous rate
 Lozens the Fotz's tongue, and makes it prate.
 The Lady thinks to humour her is best,
 She deems her head is light for want of rest.—
 Yes, saies the Maid, they have tongis without doubt,
 I have seen Fotzes tongis hanging out.
 Go get to rest, replies the Lady bright,
 A little sleep will set your matters right.
 The Maidin goes, the Lady at the dore
 Harkneth, and stealeth to Sir AMADORE;
 Sir Knight, quoth she, it is not very civil,
 To give my Maidin's Fotz unto the Devil:
 Fotz is no chamber for so mean a groom,
 He might have been content with a worse room.
 I use no fiend, quoth he, but have a skill
 To make what Fotz I please talk, when I will.—

Talk ! saies the Lady, I engage this ring,
You neither make it talk, whyffel, nor sing.—
Out flew the Knight, most terribly array'd ;
At fight whereof the Dame was nought afraid.—
Upon the bed the Lady hath he pitch'd,
And there she lay, as if she was bewitch'd :
And after many pleasaunt fauncies there,
Breathed the Knight awhile, to take the air ;
And whispering the Fotz, holding his nose,
Biddith my Lady Fotz tell all she knows.
Gapid the Fotz, and gabbill'd far and wide,
Telling foch things, the Wedo swore she lied.
I yield, saies she—you are a skilful youth ;
I yield, if you will stop that lyar's mouth.—
'Tis mighty well, saies he, we soon shall trie
Whether my Lady Fotz has learnt to lie—
And thrusting into Fotz's mouth a gag,
Her next door neighbour's tong began to wag.
Saies she, in a crack'd voice, like one you feign,
All that Fotz sayth I am ready to maintain.
Enough, the Lady faith, Sir Knight, have done,
Here, take the ring, I own 'tis fairly won ;

And

And since you are a Knight of so great power,
 Freely I offer both myself and dower ;
 And certes one was made for t'other's sake—
 For you can give no more than I can take.

The fabul's finished, the King is *bele*,
 The Damzill is contented yvery deal ;
 And GRIG had sons, and they had many heirs,
 And they were all like GRIG, all free from cares ;
 Their hearts would nivir sink no more than cork,
 And tho' no Kings, they still are Dukes of York.

Hele, whole recovered.

And since you are a Knight of so great power,
 Freely I offer both myself and tower;
 And certes one was made for t'other's like—
 For you can give no more than I can take.
 The fable's finished, the King is dead;
 The Iliad is continued every day;
 And Gato had four, and they had many heirs;
 And they were all like Gato, all the same heirs;
 Their hearts would never sink no more than ours;
 And tho' no King, they still are Dukes of York.

My whole answer.

THE
STUDENT OF LAW'S TALE;

OR

THE CURE FOR SYMPATHY.

TALE VI.

SIGN of the Lamb, near Ludgate, you may find,
 The sign is emblem of the owner's mind.
EMANUEL COOPER dwelleth in that place,
 A Mercer, with an yvir smiling-face,
 Speking so soft, and pityfull, and meek,
 It seems he rather bleateth than doth speke;
 All pepil that do pass he humbly greets,
 Nay, when the wanton stops him in the ftreets,
 Though he doth most abhor the harlot's waies,
 That she will let him go, he softly praies;
 Although she holds him fast he will not swear,
 But, yvir-smiling, doth intreat her fair.—

He hath heard his Onkil say there is ne vice
 He mote eschew like Harlotry and Dice ;
 Harlots make men unfit to get an heir,
 And Dice consume all that the Harlots spare.
 This Onkil is a Scriv'nir in the Strond,
 Is rich, and lendeth money upon lond,
 A batchellor, and old, and dredeful fly,
 And trustith not to possibility :
 For he will see EMANUEL have a son,
 Before he builds the house at Edmonton,
 With golden letters wrote upon the wall,
 Advising folk to name it Cooper-hall.

The way EMANUEL toke to get a wife
 Is subject of this Tale, and best of all his life.
 EMANUEL hath near served out his years,
 Having ne vice at all the Onkil fears ;
 Ne cause the Onkil hath to be afraid,
 Vice hath he none, but craftyness of trade.
 And now above a month his mastir's gone
 To drink the rede cow's milk at Yslington,
 And yvery day they loke for him to die
 Of a Consomption and the Lipprosie ;

And

And for that he doth trust EMANUEL,
 He leaveth him alone to buy and sell,
 His Dame was brought up high, and knows not
 trade,

To an Earl's Countess was she waiting-maid;
 Posys for rings contrives, and rhimes indites,
 And can discourse either with Squires or Knights,
 Having quaint terms and phrases to propound,
 Which those that dwell by Poul's cannot expound.
 But she hath long been very sick, and vows
 How she hath got the sickness of her spouse;
 Her Husband's kindred also do proclaim,
 How he hath got the sickness of the Dame;
 That she hath secret drogues, and but pretends
 To use the drogues her Husband's doctor sends:
 And so by following another course,
 She is grown better, and the Husband worse.
 His Doctor says, that she is whole and pure,
 And doubteth not that he hath done the cure:
 Her Spouse will not be cur'd, the Doctor sees,
 Because of complication of disease.

Doctor

Doct^r and ISABELL maintain it still,
That ISABELL was smit by RICHARD's ill;
RICHARD rejoices she hath gained helth,
Maketh his will, and leaveth her his welth.

ISABELL's eye hath notic'd many a time,
EMANUEL COOPER entering in his prime,
And hath delighted, many a time, to see
Soch perfect maiden-like simplicitie.
One evening in her chamber she will sup,
And bids the Maid to call EMANUEL up;
Bloshing, and hanging down his heade, he comes,
Sitting him down, and loking at his thumbs.—
Upon the bed by her she makes him sit,
And helpeth him to yvery dainty bit;
Come, saies the Dame, filling a cup quite up,
Take off this wine, I will not bate a sup;
Unto my Mastir's helth, quoth he, and drinks it dry;
Lord, take his soul, saies she, and falls to cry,
Name him no more, for it will break my heart,
The Doct^r saies, that he shall soon depart,

And

And also saies, that when my Spouse is slain
 I shall not after him long time remain :
 By sympathy his malady I have,
 And sympathy shall join us in the grave :
 The remedy for sympathy is sure,
 But it is one I nivr will endure.
 Quoth then EMANUEL, weeping as he spoke,
 Your case would pierce a heart, if it was oak ;
 Bot if you slay the life that you may spare,
 It is a sin as dedely as despair.
 You speke devout, quoth she, but Heaven's a friend
 To all that mean no ill, when they offend.
 Quoth he, that is but *sotely*, I fear,
 For where the law is plain, the fault is clear ;
 Is it not written, that you shall not kill ?
 Therefor the crime is both in deed and will.
 I do confes, quoth she, stroaking her ring,
 Deep is the judgement of your reasoning.—
 Besides, saies he, my Mastir may mend yet ;
 With that at once she falls into a fit,

Sotely, Subtilty.

Catches

Catches EMANUEL by the hand, and saies,
For mercy's sake, EMANUEL, cut my staies.
EMANUEL takes a knife and cuts the string,
And ISABELL about his waist doth cling :
Feel but my heart, saies she, how it doth beat,
Put in your hand, EMANUEL, farther, sweet.
In sooth, quoth he, you are in piteous hap,
The maid had best come up :—I'll give a rap.
No, no, quoth she, I thank you for your love,
Sit down upon the bed, you shall not move ;
Pity for me hath wrought in your distress,
Another cup will cure your hevyness.
The wine, to make it richer cordial,
Mingled the Dame Cantharides withall ;
EMANUEL drinks it up, the wine is choice,
Wipeth his mouth, and cleareth up his voice :
Madam, quoth he, if Heaven doth intend
To take away my Mastir, and my friend,
The bysness of the shop I'll undertake,
Both for your own, and for my Mastir's sake.
In that I am contented well, quoth she,
Could I but take the Cure for Sympathy :

It

It is a filthy cure—EMANUEL, mark ;
 You may suppose yourself to be the spark :
 Take a young spark, it says, and let him be
 A maid and modest, not past twenty-three :—
 From twenty-three shall he begin to count,
 And do the deed till he to thirty mount ;
 And he must secret swear ; and also both
 Shall bind their member with a fearfull oath,
 That neither he nor she shall find delite,
 But do the act as if it was for spite.
 Quoth then EMANUEL, stiff as any stake,
 For now the wine hath made him quite awake,
 As to the maiden-term am not afraid ;
 As Blessed MARY, am I very maid ;
 I am but three and twenty yesterday ;
 But for the oath I know not what to say ;
 I am content myself it so should be,
 If that the members also will agree.
 That's in your power, saies she, there is no doubt,
 If you'll not think of what you are about ;
 You must continue, when you are occupy'd,
 To think of any other thing beside,

For

For instance ; when you are arrived there,
 Keep thinking of a rabbit or a hare—
 And we need never feel, nor know no more
 Than doth the shuttle-cock and battle-dore ;
 Without more words, this treaty shall have force,
 And all the rest are only forms of course.
 Leave we the parties interchangeably,
 To take the solemn oath, and ratify.
 They both went on, thinking and nothing saying,
 Till the last payment of the fum was paying ;
 And then EMANUEL cried out, I find
 I cannot keep the hare within my mind ;
 When once you fall a spinning like a top,
 Rabbit and hare out of my mind do hop.—
 Go on, you fool, saies she, What makes you stop. }
 The fum is paid, yet still in bed they lay ;
 Her sympathy is not quite sweat away :
 Up stairs the maiden comes, raps at the dore,
 Shouting, my Mastir's dede for yvirmore ;
 His man from Yflington doth say, below,
 That he went off as any child shall go.

Shout

Shout not, the Dame replies, I understand,
Holding EMANUEL's handle in her hand:
Run to the Undertaker of our street;
I fear me RICHARD will not long keep sweet:
I go, quoth she, EMANUEL, this day,
Too far for health to lose it in the way;
And as it needs must be provoking pain
To run this race of penitence again,
And as—your three and twentieth year is out,
It is but safe to take another bout:
If this had been but a pretence or trick,
She mote have pleaded false Arithmetick;
But, as she fairly own'd the whole receipt,
It's evident she had no design to cheat;
And so EMANUEL, after some pause,
Mended the bill, and put in a new clause.——

I will not paint the dismal funeral,
The Wedo's lamentations tragical;
Whoso delighteth to depicture woe
Richly deserveth wretchedness allso:
Yet can I not describe, without a sigh,
The penalties that wait on perjury.

EMANUEL is foresworn; it is his doom
To languish with one foot within the tomb:
For three whole moons in raging pain he lay—
The fourth the perjur'd limb is snatch'd away—
Heaven is pleas'd at last, EMANUEL found,
And for so small a loss glad to compound.
What great Philosophers observe is true,
Although a Member will not grow anew;
Yet, notwithstanding this, the member brother
Fares better for the absence of the other;
For, when they go together in a pair,
The next surviving brother is the heir;
But if they're single, and the right not plain,
The benefit devolves upon the brain;
And thus EMANUEL, having need of it,
Receives a pretty legacy in wit:
He gives the Potiker and Surgeon fee
To keep the loss of Member secrecy.

No longer to the Chaunge EMANUEL resorts,
He is allwaies at the Stews and Inns of Courts;
He drinks and beats the Watch, lies out anights,
Living with Lawyers Clerks and wicked Wights.—

In

In greatest grief is interval of ease ;
 One day the Wedoe seizeth one of these,
 Calleth EMANUEL, sheweth plain the case,
 How, from the lewdness of his last embrace,
 It happens that she is not healid quite—
 Trie to be more compos'd, saies she to-night.
 Compos'd ! EMANUEL saith, it cannot be ;
 With you I needs must feel felicitie.
 To do an act like this from generous sense,
 Without desire, is true benevolence :
 Benevolence belongs to marry'd life ;
 'Tis what the Law bestows upon a Wife.
 Benevolence, for Lawyers various speak,
 Some say is once a month, some once a week ;
 However, from the whole, it doth appear,
 One should not put it off beyond the year.
 I own there is another sentiment,
 That once in a whole life-time is sufficient.
 Benevolence, say these puzzlers and confounders,
 Is just the same as riding of the bounders.
 EMANUEL, quoth she, I cannot guess,
 Whether your Modesty or Wit is less ;

Wit, in a Mercer, is both sin and shame;
 Return it to the stews, from whence it came.—
 I value, not, quoth he, your wipes a straw—
 I find great use in studying of the Law:
 And now observe—To all and singular,
 EMANUEL COOPER hereby doth declare,
 By virtue of Recovery and Surrender,
 It is agreed between him and his Member,
 That he, the said EMANUEL, shall direct,
 And, for the future, shew him no respect;
 And he, the said EMANUEL, doth disclaim
 All further sinfull knowledge of his Dame,
 In any fashion, or in any place,
 At any time, or upon any case:
 Provided, and it is hereby agreed,
 If he and she to marrying accede,
 This shall by no means hinder the good man,
 Then and at all times, to perform the best he can.—
 This crafty Covenant between these twain,
 Hath made the Wedo think till thinking's vain;
 And finding now no hope on other score,
 Resolves at once, and doubteth niver more—

Calleth

Calleth her friends, maketh for life the lease,
 And sleepeth with EMANUEL in peace;
 And, to complete his and the Onkil's joy,
 Bringeth him once a year a curios boy;
 And now the Onkil's dead, and they have all
 And keep their Christenmas at Cowper-hall.

Callin' for the boys, makin' for the boys
A. J. hopin' with the boys in the boys
And to complete the and the boys
Hearin' him once a year a boys
And how the boys' head, and they have all
And keep the boys' head at the boys

PANTY'S * TALE;

OR THE

CAVALIER NUN.

Novimus et qui te, transversa tuentibus hircis,

Et quo sed faciles nymphæ risere sacello.

TALE VII.

BOTH high and low ! simple and wise !

Agree in making a great bustle,

About a certain pair of eyes,

Belonging to the House of RUSSELL.

Though not so awful and discreet,

There was a pair of eyes at Brussels,

Far more compassionately sweet,

Than Lady CAROLINA RUSSELL's †.

Her eyes are like those swords of fire,

The flaming swords to Angels given,

By which impure and rash desire

From the forbidden fruit are driven.

* The Rev. Mr. R. L.

† Now Duchess of Marlborough.

Far other eyes are those I mean,
 I speak of an inviting pair,
 The property of frail eighteen,
 A Nun as amorous as fair.
 Impassion'd eyes, fit for a Nun ;
 Eyes that LOVE lights and VENUS shapes ;
 Eyes like the gilding of the sun,
 Gilding ripe nectarines and grapes.
 The Lady Abbess was her Aunt ;
 And, as they lay in the same cell,
 The Abbess was so complaisant,
 She pass'd her time exceeding well.
 She had the privilege alone
 Of running in the convent-ground,
 Surrounded by high walls of stone,
 Just like a filly in a pound.
 Within this close were shady trees,
 And there an Oratory stood ;
 A Chapel of delight and ease,
 When folks delight in doing good.
 After her matines and her complines,
 Here she spent many pleasant hours ;
 Instead

Instead of making cakes and dumplings,
 Purfes and artificial flowers.
 'Twas a delightful life she led,
 Here every day she met her monk,
 Unless he was confin'd in bed,
 Which was the case when he was drunk.
 One day within this Oratory,
 As she was with her Monk in chat,
 Instead of being solitary,
 And melancholy as a cat;
 Chatt'ring with many a lewd device,
 In which they neither were to seek,
 Tricks that Love teaches in a trice,
 Better than studying a week;
 In gibberish, and playful cant,
 Father, says she, pulling him down,
 I've a great mind to turn gallant,
 And give your Reverence a green gown:
 And, like my Aunt, I'll make you mad,
 As mad as King NEBUCHADNAZOR,
 When she transforms you to a pad,
 As he was turn'd into a grazer.

For all your stiffness and your pride,
 With whip and spur, I'll make you run;
 To which the humbled Monk reply'd,
 Spouse of the Lord, thy will be done.
 Her pad, as sturdy as a Miller's,
 She taught to rear, curvet, and prance,
 Make graceful caprioles, and dance,
 As if he was between the pillars.
 The Monk cry'd out, My Lady Abbess!
 My Lady Abbess! without cease,
 Your ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all your paths are joy and peace.

This whole Tale is comprized in a single Monkish distich, which the Author has, with infinite delight, often heard repeated by the person whose name this Tale bears. As the Tale is entirely taken from that hint, his worthy friend has the best title to it.

*In viridi prato Monialem ludere vidi
 Cum Monacho leviter, ille sub illa super.*

ARSINO E

ARSINOE :

OR,

PASSION OVERSTRAINED.

OLD HEWET'S * TALE ;

A celebrated humorist, well known in the great and little world, and all the world over. He was a great friend of the owner, and had a great love for Crazy Castle : the place, and the company he was

* This Gentleman was William Hewet, Esq. a sensible old Gentleman, but much of a humourist. He died in 1767, at the house of Vanini, in Florence. Being taken with a suppression of urine, he resolved, in imitation of Pomponius Atticus to take himself off by abstinence ; and this resolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He saw company to the last—cracked his jokes—conversed freely—and entertained his guests with musick. On the third day of his fast he found himself entirely freed of his complaint ; but refused taking sustenance. He said the most disagreeable part of the voyage was past, and he should be a cursed fool indeed to put about ship when he was just entering the harbour. In these sentiments he persisted without any marks of affectation ; and thus finished his course with such ease and serenity as would have done honour to the firmest stoick of antiquity. Several anecdotes of this Gentleman are in Smollett's Expedition of Humphry Clinker, vol. II. p. 141. See also Hollis's Memoirs, vol. I. p. 324.

fure

sure to meet there, were perfectly suited to his humour and turn of thinking. He died at Florence ; and the following epitaph, which was made in his life-time, he ordered to be put upon his grave-stone. It was wrote by one of his Italian companions, an *abbaté*, in Monkish Latin.

EPITAPH.

CESPITE tectus, arca vili
 Superbis inimicus Cippis
 Tiberis omnibus et Nili
 Notus tonforibus et lippis,
 Romæ Romanus, Mundi Civis,
 Qui Turcas inter, Turca fuit,
 Et qualis quisquis, Talis cuivis,
 Hic jacet **GULIELMUS HEWET**,
 Navibus, Bigis, Comes patiens,
 Hilaris, et plenus salis,
 Jucundus, pedes iter factens,
 Et pro Vehiculo Sodalis.

Viris

Viris principibus, Solutus
 Dictenis, carus inter vina,
 Nec Infimis, Vappâ prolutus
 Immundâ, minus in popinâ.
 Sit ubi velis, Est beatus,
 Sit infra, supra vel sublimis,
 Hospes quocunque Loco gratus
 Deorum Superis et imis.

TRANSLATED.

COVER'D with turf, in a vile cheft,
 Old HEWET lies amongst the dead,
 Just as well off as those that rest
 With piles of marble o'er their head,
 On Arno, Tiber, and the Rhone,
 To every Vettorino known.
 At Rome, in Roman manners vers'd,
 He walk'd with publicans and sinners,
 And churchmen keen, that hunger and thirst,
 For want of news and want of dinners.—
 In Turkey HEWET was a Turk :
 Like ARISTIPPUS or SAINT PAUL,

He

He went the shortest way to work,
And made himself all things to all.
He could the traveller's hours beguile
In Trac-Schuts creeping in the dark,
Or dragg'd through sloughs of many a mile
In tumbrils huge, like Noah's ark.
On foot, as good with strollers strolling,
As a machine to laugh and roll in.
A guest delightful to the great,
The great in virtue as in sin,
And as well pleas'd, nor less a treat,
At a gargotte or carrier's inn.
Let not his friends therefore be griev'd;
He's happy, that's enough to know,
Sure to be always well receiv'd,
Either above stairs or below.
A welcome inmate, with his merits,
Either to good or wicked spirits.

ARSINOË

ARSINOE, &c.

OLD HEWET'S TALE.

TALE VIII.

IT is not only love you'll find,
 You must not mind what poets say,
 All our strong passions are as blind,
 Our weakest scarce can see their way.
 A tale will tell you what I mean :
 Enter ARSINOE, the queen.
 Her favourite son, a puny chick,
 Once on a time was taken sick.
 Doctors were sent for into Greece,
 A humour seiz'd upon his bum,
 He might at least have died in peace,
 If these Greek Doctors had not come.
 After they had given him the question,
 With every kind of racking pain,
 After they had burnt and cut Hephestion,
 And burnt and cut him o'er again,

At

At last the Doctors let him go,
And left the Queen in frantic woe.
Her eyes were fix'd, her talk was wild,
Like NIOBE, she stood amazed ;
She wonder'd death durst strike her child,
And all her people thought her crazed.
For she had seven sons beside ;
The worst of all was he that died.
Ten thousand workmen were employ'd,
For twenty years, I do suppose,
To give his corpse a royal dwelling ;
Ten thousand oxen were destroy'd,
Each day to feast her darling's nose,
As all his pleasure lay in smelling.
Her courtiers, to preserve their places,
Forgot to shew their teeth and smile ;
They came with undertakers faces,
And adulation new and vile.
Just such a court, for cant and snivel,
As when priest-ridden LEWIS doated,
Frighten'd with stories of the devil,
MAINTENON'D, be-petticoated,

Married

Married his nurse; and, what was worse,

The devil always in his head,

He durst not lie without his nurse,

And always piss'd his nurse's bed.—

Physic had done the worst it could;

At length philosophy was brought;

A Brachman cry'd, I have a thought

May do your Majesty much good.

The Queen afforded him her ear,

And he proceeded as you'll hear.—

The Gods, dispers'd through various nations,

Were summon'd, by Jove's bounteous call;

Beyond their hopes and expectations,

The Gods were portion'd, great and small,

With riches, power, the gift of healing,

The art of war, and art of stealing;

The scientific art of drinking,

The art of music and of metre,

The art of living without thinking,

An art in my opinion sweeter;

The art of pleasing, the completest,

The art of love, by far the sweetest.

Amongst

Amongst the Gods assembled then,
 Dame Sorrow was not to be found;
Sorrow was fretting in some den,
 Or lying fulky under ground.
Whether or no he did not care,
 Or out of sight she slipp'd his mind,
Sorrow got nothing for her share,
 In any shape, of any kind.
At last, however, with her cries,
She mov'd the ruler of the skies.
Sorrow, said Jove, is always waking;
 You heard my summons, like the rest,
Scarce any thing remains worth taking:
 I have dispos'd of all the best:
And yet I think there are a few
Choice rarities, will do for you.
Now, as your ladyship loves whimpering,
And has a mortal hate to HEBE,
EUPHROSYNE, and wanton PHEBE—
Girls that love tittering and fimpering—
I give to you and your affigns
All lamentations, fobs, and whines;

Urns full of bones burnt to a coal;
 And, to refresh your grievous soul,
 As I am in a cue for giving,

Pitchers of tears, both mild and stale,
 Bestow'd by people that are living

On folks as dead as a door nail;
 And with each pitcher a full pot
 Of rich lachrymatory snot.

And to these gifts so rare, so many,
 I give you tenderness in plenty,
 To be bestow'd like many a dainty,
 On those that have no need of any.

Just as the pious Romans treat
 Their dead with plenty of nice food,
 Although they grudge them all they eat,

As long as eating does them good;
 And after you have blown your nose,
 Said Jove, and are prepar'd for this,

I give you dead men's eyes to close,
 And give you dead men's lips to kifs,

And finally, all funeral rites,
 Wherever practis'd and profess'd,

Whether perform'd by Blacks or Whites,
With all the fooleries annex'd,
Of which, continued the grave Don,
I think the pyramid is one.
Any great edifice of stone,
Any great prison for the dead,
But more especially the cone,
And the rotund with a round head,
Are fooleries; but the most clever
Are pyramids, I'll tell you why;
They are contriv'd to last for ever,
Great fooleries that never die:
And therefore none but Kings and Queens,
The Powers above and Powers infernal,
Can find materials, ways, and means,
To make a foolery eternal.
This pyramid's majestic gloom
To sorrow properly belongs,
With its funereal music-room,
For dirges and sepulchral songs.
Here Sorrow, and her handmaid Spleen,
Shall be lock'd up, by my consent,
And,

And, in harmonious discontent,
 Dwell here, and never more be seen.
 Had not you plague enough in making it?
 Relinquish it, if you are wise,
 And thank her too for taking it;
 This is the best I can advise;
 For from that instant, be assur'd,
 Your sacred Majesty is cur'd.
 Pyramids, pitchers, pots, and urn,
 Plac'd in so comical a light,
 Gave the Queen's fancy a new turn,
 Brought her about, and set her right.
 The Queen began to taste repose,
 Then call'd for cards, and won at play:
 And then came joy, *couleur de rose*,
 And all the court again was gay,

And, in the morning, I will be there,
O' my love, and never more the same,
Had not your light brought me to this,
But, in the night, I would have been
And there, for me, I would have been
This is the end of my life,
For there, I would have been,
You would have been,
I would have been,
Gave the world to you,
Through the night, and the day,
The world is yours,
Then, I would have been,
And, in the night, I would have been,
And all the world is yours,

DON PRINGELLO'S TALE :

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE HOLY NUNS ;

OR, THE

MONK'S WISE JUDGEMENT.

TALE IX.

Detur potiori.

DON PRINGELLO was a celebrated Spanish Architect, of unbounded generosity ; at his own expence, on the other side of the Pyrenean mountains, he built many noble castles, both for private people, and for the public. Out of his own funds, he repaired several palaces, situated upon the pleasant banks of that delightful river, the Garonne, in France ; and came over on purpose to rebuild Crazy Castle ; but, struck with its venerable remains, he could only be prevailed upon to add a few ornaments, suitable to the style and taste of the age it was built in.

THERE is a noble town, call'd Ghent,
A city famous for its wares,
For Priests and Nuns, and Flanders mares,
And for the best of fish in Lent.
There you may see, threat'ning destruction,
A hundred forts and strong redoubts,
Just like VAUBAN's, with ins and outs,
And cover'd-ways of love's construction.
In one, constructed as above,
There dwelt two Nuns of the same age,
Join'd like two birds in the same cage,
Both by necessity and love.
In towns of idleness and sloth,
Where the chief trade is tittle-tattle,
Though Priests are commoner than cattle,
They had but one between them both.
Our Nuns should have had two at least,
In Ghent they're common as great guns :
Which made it hard upon our Nuns,
And harder still upon the Priest.

But

But he was worthy of all praise,
With spreading shoulders and a chest,
A leg, a chine, and all the rest,
Like HERCULES of the FARNESE.
Amongst the Nuns there was a notion,
That these two Sisters were assign'd
To him, for a severer kind
Of penitential devotion.
His penance lasted a whole year ;
And he had such a piece of work,
If it had been for turning Turk,
It could not have been more severe.
Our Nuns, which is no common case,
Living together without jangling,
All on a sudden fell a wrangling
About precedency and place.
They both with spleen were like to burst,
Like two proud Misses when they fight,
At an Assembly, for the right
Of being taken out the first.
Before the Priest they made this clatter ;
Between them both he was perplex'd,

And study'd to find out a Text,
To end the controverted matter.
Children, said he, scratching his sponce,
I should be better pleas'd than you,
Could I divide myself in two,
And satisfy you both at once.
Angels, perhaps, may have such powers;
But it is fit and seasonable,
That you should be more reasonable,
Whilst you're with Beings such as ours.
Be friends, and listen to the Teacher;
Cease your vain clamour and dispute;
Be ye like little fishes mute,
Before Saint ANTHONY the Preacher.
To end at once all disputation,
I'll fet my back against that gate,
And there produce, erect and straight,
The cause of all your altercation.
But first you both shall hooded be,
Both so effectually blinded,
'Twill be impossible to find it,
Except by Chance or Sympathy.

Which

Which of you first, be it agreed,
 The rudder of the Church can feize,
 Like PETER's Vicar with his keys,
 Shall keep the helm, and have the lead ;
 She shall go first, I mean to say,
 And have precedence every day.
 The Nuns were tickled with the jest,
 They were content ; and he contriv'd
 To give the helm, for which they striv'd,
 To her that manag'd it the best.

THE

THE POET'S TALE;

OR THE

CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

TALE X.

BRIDES, in all countries, have been reckon'd,

For the first night, timid and coolish ;

If they continue so the second

They always have been reckon'd foolish :

The reason's obvious and plain—

In many nice and ticklish cases,

There's much to lose, and nought to gain,

By affectation and grimaces.

A Bridegroom, on the second night,

Whipt off the bedcloaths in surprize :

Behold, my dear, said he, a sight,

Enough to make your choler rise.

She turn'd away as red as scarlet,

Whilst he continu'd, Pray behold ;

Lay

Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,
That looks so impudent and bold.
This is the fifteenth time, in vain,
He has been sent to jail and fetter'd ;
But there's no prison can contain
A prison-breaker like JACK SHEPHERD.
The Bride turn'd round, and took her place,
After some studying and thinking—
Said she, recovering her face,
Though modesty still kept her winking :
In vain the vagabond's committed,
And to hard work and labour sent,
If you, his keeper, are outwitted
By his pretending to repent.
You treat him ruggedly and hard,
Whilst any insolence appears,
But you're disarm'd, and off your guard,
The moment that he falls in tears.
Now you must know, that I suspect
A fellow-feeling, in some shape,
Or else you would not, through neglect,
Let him continually escape.

I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,
That you'll deliver him to me,
And suffer me to keep him there,
Till I consent to set him free.

THE
GOVERNOR OF T**LBURY'S TALE;
OR THE
UNREASONABLE COMPLAINT.

TALE XI.

A Brute, a Peasant, dwelt near Nantz,
For they're synonymous in France,
Who every day of his vile life,
When he had nothing else to do,
Thrash'd or apply'd his wooden shoe
To the posteriors of his wife.
But, as all good and evil's equal,
All was balanc'd in the sequel ;
Every night he had that pride,
His debit, on the whole amount
Of the posterior account,
Was balanc'd by the other side.

Like

Like debts of honour lost at play,
Before he slept, he was sure to pay.

And every morn before he rose,
He left her, over and above,
A token of his constant love,
Steady and constant as his blows.

One morning, at his Spouse's levee,
The blows and curses fell so heavy,

Before the Lady of the place,
Poor JAQUETTE ran with her complaint,
With all the red and purple paint

Bestow'd upon her nose and face.
The Lady pity'd her just grief,
And took a course for her relief;

PIERRE was summon'd to appear,
And must have rotted in a jail,
Had he not found sufficient bail,
For his behaviour for a year.

The dread of fines, a jail, and whipping,
Like other folks, kept him from tripping.

About a month after this pass'd,
For JAQUETTE the good Lady sent,

And

And ask'd her if she was content,

And PIERRE peaceable at last.

Truly, says she, I must confess,

That mine's a singular distress;

For though he beat me black and blue,

At night he always made it up,

In bed, over a chearful cup,

Where I was as content as you.

But now, he says, he's off his mettle,

Because we've no accounts to settle.

Let him indulge his appetite,

This very day let him begin

A fresh account, upon my skin,

And settle it this very night.

After such plenty of good fare,

To be reduc'd is hard to bear.

What then, my Lady, must I feel,

Depriv'd entirely of my meat,

Without a morsel left to eat,

Except what I can beg or steal?

The Lady cry'd, You'd make one think,

That you did nought but eat and drink.

Did

Did you live always at this pass,
Or now and then, and then it ceas'd,
Like Shrovetide, or a village feast,
Or like a Bishop's saying Mass?
A tear stood trembling in her eye,
Whilst JAQUETTE made her this reply :

He was as sure as the Church Chimes !
And I can say, what few can say,
He allow'd me three warm meals a day,
And afternoons too sometimes.

'Twas not from indigestion,
That never was the question ;

If now and then my fare was worse,
It was because, the day before,
He happen'd to allow me more
Than was convenient for his purse.

The Lady cry'd, Submit in quiet ;
My Spouse all day shall thrash his fill,
I'll never say that I'm us'd ill,
If he'll allow me such a diet.

THE
NOBLE REVENGE :

OR,
THE L**B'S TALE.

TALE XII.

ALL people, languages, and nations,
In summer-time, have country stations,
And have contrivances and ways,
Some very old and others new,
To get the better of long days,
Which are the hardest to subdue.
In Italy the morning passes
In visiting and hearing masses ;
And every creature, after dinner,
Retire, in couples or alone ;
Both male and female, faint and finner,
Strip themselves naked as a stone.

All the world's out when night approaches,
A-foot, in curricles, and coaches ;

Then they give concerts and act plays,
And sup at one another's houses :

The Wives go with their Chechibays,
Their Mates with other people's Spouses.
In France, and probably in Spain,
Summer gets on with toil and pain ;

The Ladies fally, with long canes,
To gather flowers, or pick a fallet,

Attended by fantastical swains,
Like Figure-dancers in a ballet.

Some stay within and do much better ;
Some only stay to write a letter ;

Others into the garden run,
To bowl, or shoot with bows and arrows ;

STREPHON, with CHLOE and a gun,
Makes love, and fires among the sparrows ;
Kills all the tenants of the grove,

But let those live that only live to love.

Pray, how do English Summers go ?

They pass their Summers but so so ;

More

More like the Germans than the French,
Drinking as long as they are able,

And never thinking of a wench,
Till all the liquor's off the table :
But when they give their mind that way,
No people more alert than they.

VENUS is cruelly afraid,
BACCHUS encroaches there so much,

Lest he should spoil the Cyprian trade,
As PLUTUS spoils it with the Dutch.
One summer, in the month of June,
My Lady was quite out of tune ;

To set things right, she and my Lord
Repair to the old country-seat,

Which to enjoy, with one accord,
They lie apart, and seldom meet.
They neither need to mope alone,
Each have companions of their own ;

His are the worst, without all question,
Led-Captains, Squires, and Parsons, without end ;
Hers, females of a strong digestion,
MINGOTTI and her Fiddling Friend.—

But then my Lord had a resource,
Which made things equaller of course:

There is a place his Lordship chuses,
I know not upon what pretence,

To call the Temple of the Muses,
Built with less judgement than expence.

To push on time a little faster,
My Lord appointing a toast-master,

Oft to the Temple's sacred shade
Retires, like NUMA to his charmer,

To meet some favourite Chamber-maid,
Or the fair Daughter of some farmer.

One afternoon a spy reveal'd
The secrets that those walls conceal'd.—

When my Lord was inclin'd to take it,
There was a room for making tea,

My Lady's woman us'd to make it,
And always us'd to keep the key.

He had left off tea some time; but why,
ABIGAIL was resolv'd to spy.

Within the room she made, or found,
A hole to peep into the next;

Her

Her labour with success was crown'd,
Though the discovery made her vex'd.
He left off tea, you may infer,
Because he was tir'd to death of her.

She saw, as plain as eyes could see,
And never saw him half so keen,
My Lord as busy as a bee,
Sipping the sweets of sweet Eighteen.
To be discarded and turn'd off,
Of every servant-wench the scoff!

For whom? The Wife of a mean Taylor:
Such was the Nymph in the Muses house;

She look'd as if she could impale her,
Even as a Taylor would a louse.
My Lord return'd, fated with glory,
And BETTY ran to tell her story—

Says she, Your Ladyship's so kind,
My zeal for you made me suspicious;

I watch'd; but never thought to find
Any thing downright flagitious.
Against mankind she declaim'd next,
And then stuck closely to her text;

Minutely painted the whole scene,
 The Nymph, her age, her lovely figure ;
 And, to increase her Lady's spleen,
 She magnify'd his Lordship's vigour.
 Great was her Ladyship's distress,
 How she would act, is hard to guess.
 All folks allow revenge is sweet,
 And many think that nothing's sweeter ;
 But 'tis a maxim with the Great,
 The meaner the Revenge the greater
 Caprice, according to FONTAINE,
 Guides almost every female brain ;
 If mere caprice can raise a flame,
 To make a Dwarf enjoy a Queen,
 Revenge may make the noblest Dame
 Employ an instrument as mean.
 Nature, left to herself, most prone is,
 To follow the *Lex talionis*,
 In every nice and doubtful case.
 My Lady drove as nature led ;
 And so she took, in my Lord's place,
 Her rival's Husband to her bed.

A Taylor's

A Taylor's nothing on his board,
 In bed he's better than a Lord,
 Her Ladyship found him so there;
 And by his help, after ten years,
 At last produc'd a Son and Heir,
 That made my Lord the happiest of Peers.

TO THE LADIES.

LADIES, you have heard of Tit for Tat—
Lex Talionis was like that :

It was an equitable law, whereby
 You weigh'd the person and the failure ;
 It gave you tooth for tooth, and eye for eye,
 And for a Lord, sometimes a Taylor.

THOMAS OF COLEBY'S TALE.

PORCIA,

OR

PASSION OVERACTED.

WE come too late, *car tout est dit*,
 Says *La Bruyere* ; and more fool he ;
 Not only every age, each year
 Brings scenes unknown before to view,
 New realms of fancy still appear,
 And beyond them regions still new.
 VOLTAIRE, and others I can mention,
 Will give a colour and fresh look,
 A lively varnish, like invention,
 To any tale in any book ;
 And sell you one, ten times repeated,
 Like an old watch in a new case,
 Or an old drab, with whom you're cheated,
 Taking her home for a new face.

Dress'd

Dress'd by the Graces and FONTAINE,
In a coquetish *deshabille*,

Without her weeds and Roman train *

The Ephesian matron pleases still.
And PORCIA too, whose tale I tell,
Adorn'd by them, had pleas'd as well.
PORCIA could never be consol'd

For the departure of her spouse ;
A fever, caught by catching cold,
Had cancell'd their connubial vows.
Of every comfort now bereft,]

The wretch's comfort, and the curse,
Was all the comfort she had left—

That is, Fate could not use her worse :
Her grief was settled, like her dower,
For life, and out of fortune's power.
To lay her grief up safe and sound,
Where sorrow might have elbow-room,
No place above, or under ground,
Was fitter than her husband's tomb,

* Told by Petronius Arbiter.

Than that deep cave, I should have said,
That held the tomb wherein he laid ;
With vaulted roof lofty and wide,
Where every sigh and plaintive moan
Were play'd about from side to side,
Or whisper'd in the sweetest tone.
There with his tomb she found, in brief,
All the whole equipage of woe,
And every utensil of grief,
Both for convenience and show.
A lamp on each side of his urn,
Of vases lachrymal a dish,
A stone to sit upon and mourn,
As cold as broken-heart could wish:
And on his urn engrav'd there were
A torch revers'd, to shew her loss,
Death's head, and with Death's head a pair
Of marrow-bones were laid across :
As good, though only made of stone,
For grief to pick, as real bone.
Whether the day was fair or foul,
Most of it pass'd within this cell :

A solemn

A solemn solo from the owl,
At night was PORCIA's warning-bell;
Warn'd from the mansions of the dead,
To water with fresh tears her bed,
Nature, alarm'd for PORCIA's sake,
Took her into her special keeping;
The harm she did herself awake,
Nature repair'd when she was sleeping.
PORCIA, refresh'd by balmy sleep,
Rose every morning like the sun,
Emerging vigorous from the deep,
Prepar'd his daily course to run.
One afternoon, the month was May,
PORCIA had din'd in her poor way.
A cavalier rode gently by,
As she was going upon duty,
And with a critic's curious eye
Survey'd this melancholy beauty.
Her hair in careless ringlets spread,
Two large black eyes to suit her hair,
The graceful posture of her head,
Smooth, white, round breasts a strutting pair,

With rosy buttons budding sweet,
 That correspond but never meet.
 A shape, a hand, delicious arms,
 An outline elegantly drawn,
 Were ample sureties for the charms
 Hid by reluctant crape and lawn.
 Such an assortment of rich wares,
 With so much art and taste display'd,
 Such tempting baits and cunning snares,
 Concupiscence had seldom laid.
 Our horseman first survey'd his ground ;
 That done, he was dismounted soon,
 Not like a trooper by a wound,
 But like an active brave dragoon.
 So have I seen, in the same guise,
 A 'squire drawn in by two arch eyes :
 For lo, the 'squire, dismounting strait,
 First argues with himself awhile,
 Then hangs his horse upon a gate,
 Then follows PHEBE o'er a stile.
 PORCIA meanwhile, on her stone seat,
 Lamenting fat, warm as a toast :

Nothing

Nothing but PORCIA's natural heat
Could have maintain'd so cold a post ;
For Nature, as I said before,
Had ammunition always near,
And fresh recruits for evermore,
To pour into her front and rear.
And now appear'd, in sad array,
CLODIO, the hero of the play.
Entering the vault with downcast eyes,
He threw himself upon the ground,
Whilst PORCIA's cadenc'd moans and sighs
Gently reverberated round.
PORCIA's melodious complaints
Were like the music of the spheres,
Delightful music for the faints,
But none at all for CLODIO's ears.
He seem'd quite lost in deep despair,
Or so absorb'd in mental visions,
He heard them not, or did not care
For all her quavers and divisions.
On the cold stones reclining laid,
At length with woe-struck voice he said,

See,

See, ANNA, where thy CLODIO lies,

For ever faithful to his vows,

Pouring his annual sacrifice

Upon the grave of his lov'd spouse.

Disdain not, in the realms above,

The tears of consecrated love !—

Sitting unnotic'd and neglected,

Eve's curiosity or pique,

A pique one scarce could have suspected,

Prompted the dowager to speak.

The case was delicate and nice ;

She took her chance, and broke the ice.

Welcome, poor wretch, to this abode,

This house of death, continued she ;

This passage is the only road

To peace and rest for thee and me.

Then ty'd her speech up with a sigh,

Waiting for CLODIO's reply.

Oh let me hear that voice again !

Is it a real voice, he cry'd,

Or an illusion of the brain ?

Real, alas ! the voice reply'd.

Rous'd

Rous'd by the voice's awful sound,
At once he started from the ground,
Like GARRICK, riveting his eyes
On PORCIA, with a frantic glare !
PORCIA play'd JULIET's surprise,
With BELLAMY's surprizing stare.
No painter's art could have devis'd
Two figures that seem'd more surpris'd.
But what was more surprizing, clearly,
She on her stone, he on his feet,
Mistook each other very queerly,
Struck by a similar conceit :
Each saw their spouse, in either figure,
Restor'd to life, in perfect vigour.
Some time was spent in contemplation,
Previous to any declaration.
When their confusion was abated,
And things seem'd ripe for a debate,
Preliminary forms were stated,
Relative to their present state ;
And at the last from their confusion
They drew a very fair conclusion :

It follow'd, from the first impression

Made upon both at the first glance;

That such a lively just expression

Could never be the work of chance:

Two forms, so truly represented,

Could not by chance have been presented.

If 'twas not chance, what then remain'd?

Why this conclusion must remain,

If 'twas not chance, 'twas pre-ordain'd;

Nothing in nature was so plain;

Both pre-ordain'd, by special grace,

Their mutual losses to replace.

This point, discuss'd on PORCIA's stone,

Was fairly stated, as you'll see;

And as this stone could hold but one,

The Widow sat on CLODIO's knee;

This was a necessary case,

For otherwise, my worthy Sirs,

If PORCIA had not chang'd her place,

CLODIO must have sat on her's.

None but a prude, I do suppose,

Can blame th' alternative she chose.

If the resemblances could reach
 To every article throughout,
 The representative of each
 Could entertain no further doubt;
 But doubts must needs be entertain'd,
 Till every doubtful point's explain'd:
 For likenesses are oft deceiving,
 Appearances are often cheating;
 Seeing is not a *firm* believing;
 The pudding's proof is in the eating:
 In that case, all you have to do
 Is to say grace, and then fall to.
 Having no subject for debate,
 Wanting no proof but that alone,
 They sign'd the treaty drawn by fate,
 And seal'd it upon PORCIA's stone.
 And thus the doubtful points compar'd,
 Handled and view'd in every light,
 All correspondently declar'd
 The previous conclusion right.
 And so the long-predestin'd pair,
 CLODIO and his deputed wife,

Leaving

Leaving the monumental chair,
 Rose from the dead to a new life ;
 For having now, as it grew late,
 No further business with the dead,
 They finish'd the decrees of fate,
 At PORCIA's house, in PORCIA's bed ;
 But PORCIA first prepar'd the way
 With a good supper and Tokay.
 CLODIO next morning, not before,
 Talking of ANNE, and his affliction,
 Own'd his wife ANNE, and, what was more,
 Own'd the whole process was a fiction ;
 He had no wife alive or dead,
 The representative of ANNE
 Had put that thought out of his head,
 And help'd him to a better plan.
 But grant, said he, we both were cheats,
 And that your grief, like mine, was feign'd,
 Our meeting here between two sheets
 Might for all that be pre-ordain'd :
 A field where you may range and feast,
 Unty'd, not tether'd like a beast.

Leaving the monumental chair,
 Rose from the dead to a new life,
 For having now, as it grew late,
 No further business with the dead.
 They finish'd the doctors of law,
 At Porcia's bedside, in Porcia's bed,
 But Porcia still prepar'd the way
 With a good supper and Tokay,
 Glad to next morning not labor
 Talking of Anna, and his affliction,
 Own'd his wife Anna; and, what was more,
 Own'd the whole process was a fiction.
 He had no wife since he was dead,
 The reputation of Anna
 Had but that thought out of his head,
 And help'd him to a better mind.
 But again, said he, we both were cheated,
 And that you giv'd, the mine, was kept;
 Our meeting here between two thieves
 Might for all that be understood;
 A field where you may range and feed,
 Upright, not without a little feed.

MORAL TALES.

A

CHRISTMAS NIGHT'S

ENTERTAINMENT.

BY LADY *****.

First printed in 1783.

N 3

MORAL TALES

CHRISTMAS NIGHT'S

ENTERTAINMENT

BY LADY

First Edition in 1783

W. E.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Certain Lady of Fashion, in the Christmas Holidays, formed a Belle Assemblée, at the Seat of of her Ancestors. On one of those days, in passing with her company to the Eating-Room, through the venerable old Hall, she observed,

'Twas merry in the Hall,

When Beards wagg'd all.

You are not, said she, to imagine that there were no Ladies there; but whilst our Grandfires were busy with their beards, our Grandmothers were as busy with their tongues. Besides, *Animal sans Barbe* does not enter into the definition of our sex; neither is a beard any essential distinction: there are whole nations of men that have none at all.

There were no card-tables in those merry days, no trouble—*Fete-politicks* : no *Seccatori*, or professors of small talk. Pray let us make a trial, after supper, of the Christmas Festivities of those happy times. There shall be a round table, with the ingredients for mirth and jollity, and we will meet here and sit round about our coal fire.

At the time appointed, the lady of the house presented a pair of China basons, one for the ladies, the other for the gentlemen, with tickets, inscribed with the names and characters they were to take and personate for the night; the hostess only excepted, who was to set off with a merry tale, and to call upon the whole company successively, for one of the same fashion. The effect of the lottery may be conceived by the examples following : The Parson's Wife was drawn by a Countess; the Parson, by an Alderman of London; the Baroness, by a celebrated Actress; the Baron, by a little good-natured witty Dramatist; the Lawyer, by a Right Honourable Captain of a Man of War; the Physician, by a sprightly Officer, his *prochain Ami*; and the Apothecary, by a Welch Judge. The

The lady of the house prefaced her tale by observing, that squeamishness, prudery, and affectation, were always banished upon such occasions; and that, in the narrative style, they must conform, and she would give them an example, to the old style of Christmas, and use the licence of the season. Right, said the Parson; and as to you, Gentlemen (I speak to every individual)

— *Age, Libertate, Decembri,*
Quando ita majores voluere, utere narra.

MORAL TALES.

MY LADY'S TALE.

TALE I.

RASH, poor, and ever in a hurry,
 Till he was far advanc'd in age,
 A certain General like *****,
 At last grew cautious, rich, and sage :
 With all the subsidies of life,
 All but an heir and a young lively wife ;
 Young she must be, for reasons good,
 Not to excite passionate dealings,
 To keep him warm with her warm blood,
 And to indulge his sober feelings :
 The wife he got, he left the care
 To Providence and her, to make his heir.

At

At first a blaze, or two at most
 Appear'd, just like a fire of stubble,
 That cannot either bake or roast,
 Or broil, or make the kettle bubble :
 But seldom, after that auspicious day,
 The noble General fired, except in play.
 One night he gave a false alarm,
 Which she most patiently endur'd ;
 " I thank my stars there is no harm !"
 She whisper'd to herself, insur'd *.
 Howe'er, to cover his disgrace,
 She let him keep manœuvring round the place.
 His nightly fondling and stroking,
 She bore with resignation meek ;
 When he became downright provoking,
 She made him quiet for a week.
 It was not oft, you understand,
 That she was forc'd to take the task in hand.
 Tir'd of his motions and parading,
 To drop all metaphors of war,

*Metaphor taken from a policy of insurance against fire, for a trifling consideration.

She

She made him stick to ferenading,
 To twang and finger her guitar,
 Like a child's fiddle, to divert young chicks,
 From clamb'ring up and playing naughty tricks.
 By independence held out to his dear,
 By a sincere emancipation,
 He gain'd, like Fox, peace and good cheer,
 Besides a helping hand upon occasion :
 As to their love, content with these concessions
 They left their jewels to their own discretions.
 The General thus address'd the Fair,
 Tossing and tumbling in her nest :
 " Get me a Deputy—indeed a pair,
 For fear of accidents, is best :
 But first, consult your wise, experienc'd dam,
 Trust her judicious eye, my tender lamb."
 He might have spar'd his curtain lecture,
 His tender lamb, for all her youth,
 Was never guided by conjecture,
 Or mere appearances of truth :
 Neither consenting nor denying,
 She took no measures without trying,

So by repeated trials, in the end,
 And wisely taking nought for granted,
 She found the steady friend,
 And Deputy, the General wanted.
 In fine, without more fuss or teasing,
 She made her choice, and chose discreetly:
 The stream of time, flow'd smooth and pleasing,
 Not only pleasingly, but sweetly ;
 So much, that the whole veteran corps
 Envied the General more and more.
 Replete with gratitude, the dame,
 Yielded to all his weakest fancies ;
 And by a blush of simpering shame,
 Vouch'd for his feats, and conjugal romances.
 All which, as I before related,
 Made the old General envied, if not hated.
 Young folks are apt, in many a case,
 Left to themselves, without a warden,
 To disregard both time and place,
 Like Eve and Adam in the garden.
 They take a turn, they look about,
 And, seeing nought to fear, conceive no doubt :
 Taking

Taking their pastime in an harbour,

Our friends were by the Chaplain spied,
Like frigates riding in an harbour,

With their sails furled, in naked pride :

The Priest, like Satan, sigh'd, and saw with spite
Adam and Eve in primitive delight.

Before they reach'd the bower of bliss,

At the first glance, you may suppose,
Down dropt the Priest, squat like a Mifs,

Stepping aside to pluck a rose.

Cowering he watch'd, amidst the shrubs hard by
An envious toad, like Milton's wicked spy.

When the scene clos'd the spy withdrew,

With marks of grief and indignation,
Revealing every thing he knew,

Relating to the incarnation.

“ Lock'd in each other's arms they play'd,

Fasten'd and glew'd from head to foot,
The pair conjoined, you would have said,

Were grown together like a double nut.

Their springs and movements equal and exact,

As if they were but one in fact.”

The General smil'd, and heard the Doctor's
tattle,

Calm and serene, as in a field of battle.

" 'Twas a fine fight, I envy you the pleasure ;

I know, said he, your hate to blabs and praters,
And am rejoic'd and happy beyond measure,

That none but God and you were the spectators.
Depend upon't, she shall be told;

When she's disposed to go so light and thin ;
To run no more such risks of catching cold,

But take her exercise within.

I love my wife, I feel her merits,

I am her doctor, and advise,
For her hysticks, and low spirits,

This brisk de-obstruent exercise.

A hundred pounds a year I pay her squire,

I feed him sumptuously, and therewithal
The labourer is worthy of his hire,

And always ready at a call.

Know you, the General said to the Divine,

A General's lady better off than mine?"

The

The priest replied, and answer'd well,
 " Sir, if I knew, I would not tell.
 I could name one, one every way
 As capable as brisk and stout,
 A much more proper *Cicesbi*
 Either within doors, or without ;
 And one he said, cocking his thumb,
 That would have done the job for half the sum."

THE MORAL.

BY THE DRAMATIST.

All tales and fables, long or short,
Æsop's or Homer's, feign'd or true,
Must have a Moral of some sort,
For our instruction, says Bossu.
We learn this truth from Homer's songs,
When youth and insolence conspire,
Grievous dissensions and great wrongs
Arise from passion, set on fire.
His tale is founded upon anger,
With anger's terrible effects ;
This upon impotence and langour,
With age's visible defects.
They both agree in one conclusion,
Where there's no harmony all is confusion ;
In states, in senates, camps and fleets,
And now and then in wedding sheets.

If an old fellow goes to bed
 With his young bride, and gets next morn,
 Instead of his bride's maidenhead,
 The maiden-bride's contempt and scorn ;
 The surest way to set things right,
 And to do justice to the bride,
 Is to get up and take his flight,
 Or take her General for his guide :
 Who sail'd through time with a fine breeze,
 Through pleasant days and nights of ease :
 For the connubial clog and yoke,
 Heavy to me, not light to you,
 To him was a mere joke,
 Easy it sat like an old shoe.

THE PARSON'S WIFE.

TALE II.

SUE, and another country lass,
With ploughman Dick, a gibing knave,
Were at the wedding of an Ass,
And all of them look'd very grave.
The marriage ceremony done,
The lasses cried, "Dick, shew your skill,
If you are for a bit of fun,
Chuse one of us, take which you will."
Richard maliciously reply'd,
Thinking to disconcert the jades,
"Faith ! I would rather take the bride,
If I might chuse, than her bride-maids."
"I do believe you, Dick," said Sue,
And jogg'd her partner, with a grin :
"We wou'd take Jack rather than you,
If 'twas not for the sin."

MORAL.

MORAL.

This is not an immoral Tale,
 The Parson, to his praise and glory,
 Exhibited over his ale,
 A Moral to his spouse's story.
 If Moses had not been so clear
 And circumstantial in God's orders,
 The carnal appetites, I fear,
 Would often get beyond the borders;
 There would be many a strange wedding,
 Some without either bed or bedding.
 If the Divine Legation had not shewn it,
 How should unletter'd people know,
 Whether it was a sin or no?
 Even Warburton would not have known it.
 And therefore, as I said above,
 Moses was told to teach the Jews,
 How and with whom they might make love:
 God would not let them pick and chuse.

His chosen people all their lives,
Lov'd novelties, as they do now;
God knew that they would leave their wives
At any time to kiss a cow.
The Jewish ladies were like our's,
Fickle, not nice in their amours;
And if it had not been forbid,
Many might have been got with kid.

THE PARSON'S TALE;

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

TALE III.

THOMAS came running to the mill,
As Will was standing at the door,
“Would you believe it, neighbour Will?”
Said Tom, “my wife’s an arrant whore!
With colours flying, drums a pair,
I left her very hard at work,
Tossing the Squire up in the air,
As if he had been made of cork.
You know the burthen is not light,
He was not born to be a jockey,
And, to add something to the weight,
His worship was a little rocky.

From my relation I presume,
 Neighbour, you will conclude and gather,
 That he was in a plaguy fume,
 And she all over in a lather.
 I never thought, as I'm a sinner,
 That Moll had any sporting blood,
 Or any kind of mettle in her,
 No more than in a log of wood.
 At any moment of the day,
 My wife said, Will takes as much pains;
 I make her pockets ring and play,
 Jingling her keys about like chains.
 And yet no sempstresses with a thimble,
 That fits all day upon her crupper,
 Can be more mettlesome and nimble,
 Or readier for it, after supper."
 "Where did you leave your wife?" said he—
 "Behind yon stack, where she lies dry.
 Run and peep through the hedge and see,"
 Said Tom, "if she begin to fly."
 Will ran and peep'd, and then crept nigher,
 And then cried, "Thomas, you're a liar.

I see

I see them at it, and see clear,
 'Tis not your Moll, but my sweet Nell;
 The devil, I hope, that brought her here,
 Will carry her back with him to hell."
 "I knew, and would have laid my life,"
 Said Will, "if I had bid you go,
 To see the pastime of your wife,
 You would not run to see the show;
 But you would scamper to the stack,
 To see my wife upon her back.
 The only way that I would act,
 The only way I would advise,
 And the best way to prove the fact,
 Is to appeal to your own eyes."

MORAL.

MORAL.

*Segnius irritant animos dimissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.——*

An offer from one, of one seventy-four,
Was grateful to the royal hearing,
If one by self one had offer'd one more,
Keppel would think that one was jeering.
“The offer might surprize a tar,”
The Lawyer cried, taking off Lee :
“To see the L——r man of war,
I do confess would surprize me.”——
“There is some difference,” said the scoffer,
“Between an offering and an offer ;
Sam offer'd Jack a horse—‘where is he, Sam ?
Sam answer'd—‘in the matrix of his dam.’
‘Where

‘ Where are my ships,’ cried Lewis, ‘ feize,

That many a town and province offers !’

‘ Sire,’ said the daughter of Therefe,

‘ Breeding, like Spider’s eggs, in empty
coffers.”

THE ASSOCIATION.

THE SQUIRE'S TALE.

TALE IV.

A Village Burgher was Ralph Crop,
A Grocer without guile or malice;
The master of the grocer's shop,
And of Ralph Crop, was Mistress Alice.
When Alice was engaged, her damsel Kate,
When Ralph her spouse was absent too,
Did quite as well, for she could sell and prate,
Better, perhaps, than Crop could do.
Crop was just gone to the market-town,
And all the world was there—'twas the Fair-
day—

To

To buy his wife a cap and gown,
 To shew his taste, and make her shew away.
 All the world knows, that certain glances
 Interpret certain women's fancies.
 The Exciseman was a fine observer,
 And saw from Alice's black eyes,
 That all the world could not preserve her
 From being taken by surprise.
 Treading the shop, he cast the dye,
 He pass'd the Rubicon, and met her;
 And in the twinkling of an eye,
 Carried his point, and overset her.
 He pass'd the Rubicon, it means in verse,
 He was not bashful for her looking fierce:
 At the first onset, Myles averr'd,
 He took the Lion by the beard.
 For Hercules, without a scratch or rub,
 Taking possession of that feature,
 With his great club,
 Terrified and subdued the creature.

Myles

Myles having conquer'd her disdain

(Alice and Myles were in their prime)

They did not spend their hours in vain,

But made the properest use of time.

Ralph was returning with her fairing,

And at the door, just after pairing.

Neither suspecting any harm,

Behold, Crop enters with his riches,

A gown and cap under his arm,

As Myles was pulling up his breeches.—

“I am glad you left the fair so soon,”

His wife cried out—“the Exciseman there,

Whipt in just now, this afternoon,

Stark staring mad as a March hare.

Had he not known you by your blowing,

Had not he heard you at the door,

That very moment he was going

To fl—t upon the parlour floor;

And swore, that if I call'd or stir'd,

The brute would make me eat his—merde.”

“What did you mean,” said Crop, “by this?”

“Nothing at all,” said Myles, “amifs.”

Behold,

Behold, said one, that shall be nameless,
 Before her window, Mistress Blameless;
 Poor soul, she looks quite melancholy.

Try, Myles, some heads were made for horns.
 To try, said I, would be a monstrous folly,

Try to lick honey off the thorns;
 Even suppose what cannot be supposed,
 I would not wrong a friend, so well disposed;
 I'll put as hard a case, I think,

A rump and dozen—let us wager,
 I'll make no love, but make a stink,

Shall cure her vapours, I'll engage her.
 Mind; I'll untruss down to the feet,

And do my n—s before her face,
 Plump on the floor; and for my treat,
 She shall be thankful and say grace.

If you had not stepped in between,
 I should have won the wager clean,
 Nothing amiss was meant, I knew,

My friend here lov'd a harmless joke;
 The thought was comical and new,

'Twould make him laugh ready to choak."

" Marry

“Marry come up, my dirty Cousin,”
Said Alice, “with your rump and dozen;
Laugh! laugh at what, you filthy beast?
If he had laugh’d at such a thing,
I would have made both his ears ring
For one whole fortnight at the least.
Go, pay the wager you have lost;”
“I’m glad,” said Crop, “that he was taken in,
A rump and dozen’s no small cost,
And as to laughing, let them laugh that win.”

MORAL.

MORAL.

"A case in point," said sly Sir John,
 "To prove two heads better than one.
 One gives a hint, and only moves it,
 The second takes it, and improves it."
 "I grant your maxim," said his Dame,
 "If both their interests are the same."
 The Baron cried, "the Moral's fine,
 I smoke two rogues, and one design.
 I see two rogues together pull,
 Two patriots set out together,
 In dirty roads and in foul weather,
 To make a fool of poor John Bull."

HOB IN THE WELL.

SIR JOHN'S TALE.

TALE V.

A Taylor, bodkin-fitch, in a few years
 Grew rich, and is increasfing still,
 By the nice conduct of his sheers,
 And skill in drawing up a bill.
 A bill, like any bill of Chancery,
 Or my Lord North's bill of Fine—anfery—
 His Budget like a giblet pie,
 Furnish'd with gizzards, hearts and liver,
 Pinions, necks, feet, and blood for ever,
 And Goose-cap heads, that once look'd high.
 Twelve miles from York, or thereabout,
 Stitch bought a farm, he call'd Surtout—

His

His agent, every week that came,
 Was fure to fend him a stout hare,
 Pigeons, and now and then some game,
 With rabbits, taken in a snare.
 In fine, Stitch liv'd like any Lord,
 Any Lord Mayor that draws long corks—
 Turkeys and geese smok'd on his board,
 Like geese upon his board of works.
 Besides, his farm produc'd him clear
 In cash two hundred pounds a year.
 Robin, a Farmer, was his factor,
 The Taylor would not part with Hob,
 So good a factor and tranfactor,
 For the best regimental job ;
 Not to take measure of the King,
 Although, perhaps, by such an honour,
 His wife, a proud disdainful thing,
 Might not take quite so much upon her :
 A Knight's third cousin, where's the wonder
 If Bodkin truckl'd and knock'd under ;

Observe, that every Easter Sunday
Hob came to feast on paschal lamb,
And then return'd on Easter Monday
To tanfy pudding and a ham.
The beds were full, when Robin came—
As harmless as his namesake bird,
Robin was forc'd to make a third,
And pig with Bodkin and his Dame.
Hob in his breeches went to bed,
And Mistrefs Stitch was in the middle,
Her face turn'd close to Bodkin's head,
To leather-breeches her bum-fiddle.
Bodkin's horn soon began to blow,
Hob was awake, and she also.
On certain signals from behind,
Hob his mask'd battery disclos'd,
Summon'd the fort, which was resign'd
Upon the terms that he propos'd.
They were oblig'd to take their leave,
At least for fear of a surprize,
Not without tears, you may believe,
And sleep in earnest clos'd their eyes.

Recruited

Recruited with a few hours nap,
 Hob gave her notice of his rising,
 First at the door he gave a rap,
 And then a rap that was surprizing :
 As Mâdam Stich in the conclusion
 Receiv'd the *coup-de-grace* and was expiring,
 Bodkin was wak'd by a contusion,
 Studied the point and could not help admiring ;
 And then put back his hand, and lo !
 He found Hob in the well below.
 " Steal off," said Stich, " and quit your ground,
 'Tis well for you she sleeps so sound.
 If my wife wakes and finds you got
 Out of your road into her quarters,
 She'll scratch your eyes out, she's so hot,
 And strangle you in her Bath garters."
 " When I got there," said Hob, " or how,
 I know no more than you, I vow ;
 But in the well have got, through thick and thin—
 Oft in my sleep I walk, they say,
 And in my sleep must have walk'd in,
 Said Hob, that must have been the way."

Hob vanish'd—Mistress Stitch soon after,
 Furnish'd another scene for laughter ;
 She jogg'd her Spouse, and whisper'd low,
 " Is Robin up and gone, or no ?"
 Bodkin replied, " At break of day—
 Two hours ago he stole away."
 " I dreamt," said she, and then awoke,
 I thought 'twas you in such a cue,
 I doubted whether it was you ;
 I thought you drove away like smoke :
 I never felt so much delight,
 Either in sleeping or awake—
 I was afraid 'twas some mistake :
 What would I give to dream it every night !
 I was surpriz'd to find you grown
 So lusty, and with so much bone,
 And twice as strong, and stronger too,
 Than when upon our wedding sheets,
 For all that I could say or do,
 You robb'd me of my virgin sweets."
 " 'Twas

" 'Twas but a dream," said Stitch, " that's
plain,

I'll try to make you dream again ;"

did his best, and Morpheus seiz'd her soon,
at up at nine ; she slept till noon.—

MORAL.

"The sex," said a physician of the college,

"Like men, are either faints or finners,
Like Eve, they long so much for knowledge,
They scarce have time to eat their dinners."

The difference between them and us

Is this, the sex, both great and small,
All look as innocent as puffs,
The greatest hypocrite of all.

But men oft glory in their shame,
And take our wives for lawful game.

Put not your trust in leather breeches,
Whether your wife's behind you, or before,
They all can tell, they are such witches,

Whether you sleep, or only feign a snore.
She knows her time, she gives an intimation

To Galligaskins; and, if he's inclined,
He will accept of madam's invitation,
Just as it suits, before you or behind.

THE
DAINTY WIDOW'S TALE.

TALE VI.

MY Tale is every bit a Moral,
 A hint for delicate complexions,
 Black, brown, and fair, or red as coral,
 May benefit by my reflections.
 In artifice, most of us deal ;
 And ladies, that affect fine feelings,
 Mean to declare how fine they feel,
 All over in their tender dealings.
 " Reach me that peach," said I, " my dear,
 It sets my teeth on edge," said Prue,
 " It makes me feel all over queer,
 Has it not that effect on you ?"

" Your

"Your teeth on edge, my dear ! I understand—

I would not give the creature any quarter ;

When you have got Eve's fruit into your hand,

Miss, I suppose," said I, "your mouth must
water."

Prue reddened, not from shame, but spite ;

"I see," said I, "my guess is right."

THE

THE BARONESS'S TALE.

TALE VII.

A Merry story's better far,
 Than a lampoon or witty libel !
 Mine is from Margaret of Navarre,
 As true as any in the Bible.
Vraie comme l'Evangile, "'tis e'en,
 True as the gospel," says the queen.
 " Three Merchants of Savoy, I know not when,
 Were travelling, each with his spouse,
 Pilgrims to Saint Antonio of Vienne,
 All of them bound by previous vows,
 In journeying to live together,
 Not like their fathers and their mothers,
 But like three sisters, and three brothers,
 As well in cold as in hot weather.

Like

Like them in beds apart to lie,
In chambers separate, but nigh.
Left through mistake, sister and brother,
Or in their sleep, or in the dark,
Might tumble one upon another,
And the collision strike a spark ;
Which meeting with the tinder box,
Is all that they require ;
All such combustibles as smocks,
To make the least inflammable catch fire.
They were all left in full possession
Of every other sense or taste,
That is, to use them with discretion,
You know there's none below the waist.
At Chambery arriving, our three pair
Spared no expence at their hotel,
Excellent wine and plenty of good fare,
All appetites but one fared well.
They sup'd, and seem'd so loath to part ;
The brothers and the sisters both,
I am persuaded from my heart,
Had much ado to keep their oath.

The ladies to their room repair'd,

To chat both in and out of bed;

Their beds before had been prepar'd,

Three with one pillow for each head.

But were their husbands there, *and thereabout,*

Instead of one,

Had there been none,

I do believe *they could have done without.*

I need not tell you, when three Dames,

Gather'd together, are undressing,

They call things by their naked names,

So plain, they leave no room for guessing:

When the discourse is turn'd from fashions,

To certain objects of the passions:

And in undressing you may swear,

They shew their charms, and they compare.—

Three Monks, all three Father Confessors,

That lay hard-by, wonder'd to hear,

The ladies talking like professors,

In terms of art, distinct and clear:

Which made the holy fathers *rise,*

And stand and listen with surprize.

Then

Then gliding to the door they spy'd,
Up, on their beds, all in their shifts,
The three fair Dames that scorn'd to hide
Any of God's bounteous gifts,
The Monks much edify'd retir'd,
And by Saint Francis were inspir'd.
They knew they lay without a mate ;
And like brave foldiers of Saint Francis,
Resolv'd, they should no longer wait,¹
And suffer for their husband's fancies.
Saint Francis must have been their guide ;
Most certainly Saint Francis knew,
The ladies after the review—
Forgot the key was left on the outside.
Now silence reign'd, the fair ones slept,
And out the watchful brethren came,
Secur'd the door, and softly crept,
Each bold Franciscan to his flame.
There was no time for them to spare,
For preface or solicitation,
They seiz'd Time by the lock of hair,
Without one word on the occasion.

Finding

Finding their dears so hot and greedy,

And so soon up and on again ;

The ladies, who were also needy,

Found that resistance would be vain.

One of the sisters had a notion,

The alteration was so strange,

That her's had taken some love potion,

To make so very great a change.

They bore it all with patient bearing,

And without uttering a word ;

All the three wives, whilst they were pairing,

Thought their's the only pairing bird.

Each held her tongue, and took her feed,

Pitying the two that stood in need.

The Champions, after their great deeds,

Gently retir'd, exhausted quite ;

And, with their baggage and their beads,

March'd off as soon as it was light.

The Merchants slept so long, thanks to the wine

So well to both the parties suited,

Their heads, on waking, achi'd no more than mine,

And their wives rose fresh and recruited.

Then

Then huddling on their clothes, in the mean while

Their tongues perpetually wagging,

The smartest cried, with an arch smile;

And with a tone of voice like bragging,

“ Pray, were you wak’d, like me, last night ?

Had you a visit from your Spouses ?—

If yours were in as fine a plight,

They must have been about your houses :

Mine wak’d me, and away he scour’d

At once, and ran me out of breath ;

I thought I should have been devour’d ;

Prefs’d, hugg’d, and squeeze’d, and crush’d to
death.”

“ Ours too were in as good condition,”

The others said, “ What could it mean ?

It must have been the prohibition,”

They all agreed, that made them all so keen.

“ Undoubtedly,” said Madam Smart ;

“ Oft have I wonder’d, for my part,

With what indifference they begin,

And jog on in a lawful deed ;

But

But let it be a mortal sin,
 Heavens, with what ardour they proceed !—
 The men were up, and in their jackets,
 And were just putting on their shoes,
 When their wives enter'd with their packets,
 Full of glad tidings and great news.
 “ No wonder that you lay till noon,
 After your last night's feats,” said they :
 “ To come and break your oaths so soon,
 And make us break ours too was not fair
 play.”

Each to her husband then repeated,
 How suddenly she was surpriz'd ;
 How handsomely she had been treated,
 For which she hop'd he would not be chastiz'd.

The fault was his ; she had no blame ;
 She was so hurry'd,
 Bated and worry'd,

If 'twas to do again, she would do the same.—

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Q

“ You

“ You must be drunk or mad, I fear,”

The husband cried, “ ’tis a clear case;
I never stirr’d, or I’m not here,

Out of my bed, out of this place.”

And so they one and all declar’d,

And look’d like simpletons and star’d,

The women blush’d up to the ears,

First thought of this, and then of that,

And their suspicions and their fears,

Made them begin to smell a rat.

A Merchant, wiser than the rest,

Making a sign they understood,

Laugh’d and said, “ Wife, we were in jest,

My sins, I hope, have done us good,

I hope,” said he, “ you’ll wish me joy,

And our endeavours and joint labours,

Will be productive of a boy—

I wish the same for my two neighbours.

An act,” said he, “ you will allow,

Of so great merit,

It must repair our broken vow,

You know, we broke it with great spirit.”

“ ’Twas

“ ’Twas not enough,” said Mrs. Sly,

“ To break your oath, but you must run,
And go to bed to make a lie ;

For which you don’t deserve a son :
And yet I hope and expect rather,
Your son will not be like his father.”

With that the females in a titter,
Retir’d to gather up their litter.

The women gone, the Merchant cried,

“ Brothers, you see how matters go ;
Our ladies have been monkcupy’d,

Which is not fit for them to know :
We must lock up this secret in our trunks ;

For if the faithful partners of our beds
Should know their obligations to the Monks,
Monks will be always running in their heads.

To pocket the affront is right.

As to our wives, ’tis best, you’ll own,
To lie with them ourselves at night,
And never let them lie alone.”

Whether the ladies doubts were clear’d away
I never heard, so cannot say ;

But I have heard that ever after,
 Whene'er they met at any place,
 And look'd each other in the face,
 They fell into a fit of laughter.
 And with great gratitude and reason,
 For their devotion in due season,
 His blessing Saint Antonio sent,
 With three huge boys, made and conceiv'd,
 Monastically, 'tis believ'd,
 To the fix pilgrims great content.—

MORAL.

MORAL.

Cleave to your wives, the Scripture says ;
 I say, that cleaving is a blessing :
 But you must stick and cleave always,
 Or else your head may get a dressing.
 As close, as if you were tied and buckled,
 So close no creature can get at her ;
 You might, my Lord, be made a cuckold,
 And I know nothing of the matter.
 To make a vow to leave your wife in danger,
 And let her lie alone and fob her,
 Is to lock up your cash before a stranger,
 And tempt him to become a robber :
 Which was exemplified, you find,
 In three bold Monks, all of one mind——
 This truth will follow from that sequel,
 Which ought to be observ'd and known,
 That one of us left quite alone,
 Or three of us together, are things equal.

THE LAWYER'S TALE.

TALE VIII.

MY story's true, as well as new,
 Of folks I know, that shall be nameless;
 Their real names are nought to you,
 I'll call my knight, Sir Joseph Shameless.
 His lady's woman, Kitty Patience,
 With wicked eyes, her teeth two rows of
 pearl,
 And all the sequel of the girl
 A complication of temptations.
 The knight had now and then the gout;
 To have it only now and then
 Is of great use to many men,
 It has its merits without doubt.

Amongst

Amongst the proverbs of my fire,
 The gout I have often heard him call
 The potent parent of desire,
 Without whose aid his doings were but
 small——

I mean, he was not half so stout,
 And sometimes could not make it out
 ————— At all.

My Lady in her stays, and Kitty lacing;
 My Lady's fingers busy round the border,
 Giving her snowy breasts a proper bracing,
 To keep them at a distance, and in order;
 So proud and bold they stand when they are
 parted,
 When they are near they droop, and look
 faint-hearted.

The Knight came in—Said he, “how finely
 You plump them out, they look divinely—
 Kitty's tetons have got no stay,
 They seem to scorn any assistance;
 If they should happen to give way,
 They'll turn again, and make resistance:”

With that he thrusts his hand into her neck,
 My Lady turn'd about and smil'd,
 Without the least rebuke or check,
 She only said, "you should not let him,
 child."

Patience replied, with downcast eye,
 "I thought there was no harm; as you were
 by—"

My Lady said, "No, not the least—
 Kitty, I have seen you quite undrest;
 If you will treat him with a feast,
 These two are vouchers for the rest."

Kitty was then mistress of arts;
 The Knight, without a cry of murder,
 Long since had visited those parts,
 And gone till he could go no further.

His Lady knew that he lov'd change;
 He knew her passions were as strong,
 She could not be averse to range,
 She was so apt to fancy things and long.

They

They went and came without each other's knowing,
 Both of them lov'd to change the scene ;
 They never ask'd where they were going,
 Nor once enquir'd where each had been—
 One day the Knight fell fast asleep,
 The Knight was in his gouty chair ;
 A Captain and my Lady fair,
 On the fettee in meditation deep.
 She rose and went behind the screen,
 And he, to see what she could mean.
 They staid not there, you must have thought,
 Standing like fools and doing nought.
 At the conclusion of their sport,
 And whilst the room and screen were shaking,
 Sir Joseph heard her breathing short,
 Just at the moment he was waking.
 He was acquainted with her notes,
 And knew, that from her dying song,
 Her time was come, 'twould not be long
 Before she shook her petticoats :
 Her petticoats to smoothe the gathers,
 Just like a hen, that shakes her feathers—

As

As long as he could hear them prancing

He would not interrupt their dancing.

“What noise was that?” Sir Joseph cried,

“’Twas a strange noise I heard just now.”

My Lady readily replied,

“I can’t account for it I vow ;

For God’s sake let us run away,

It was an earthquake, I dare say.”

“An a-se quake,” said the Knight, “it was a
squall !

A sudden gust of wind, that’s all—”

And so she said the Captain said before :—

“The Captain’s in the right,” Sir Joseph
swore.—

They took their evening walk, she and her friend,

Kitty came down to make Sir James’s tea :

The Knight told Kitty in the end,

What he had heard ; but could not stir to
see.

“If you can catch them in the fact,

And can but see what I heard now,

With

With proofs enough to get an act,

Who knows but I may marry you?

Kitty, you shall not lie alone,

I'll either marry you or none."

Patience, whose name implies submission,

Soon executed her commission,

Kitty's was oscular demonstration,

The Captain sitting like a lout,

Her Lady in a situation,

As if the Captain had the gout.

Said he, "do shew me how she did it."

She answer'd modestly, "I'll try;"

And then she dandled it, and slid it,

And Kitty did it by and by.

'Twas the first time she play'd upon the stage.

But afterwards few could play better,

In any part she could engage,

The ablest Manager could set her.

So far from bold, Kitty till then,

Was so discreet, you could not guess;

Especially amongst the men,

Which were more modest, Kitty's looks or

dress.

But

But now she soon threw off the mask,
 She gave herself prodigious airs,
 You may be sure you need not ask,
 As well above as below stairs.
 There was a Lawyer that liv'd near,
 For whom at last Sir Joseph sent,
 And order'd Kitty to appear,
 Having told the Lawyer his intent.
 "Patience," said he, "it is no shame,
 Be not ashamed to speak the truth;
 You must describe the romping game,
 My Lady, romping with the youth."
 Kitty look'd down, put on a frown,
 Look'd up, and then she look'd aside;
 She pull'd a pin out of her gown,
 Look'd at the pin, and then reply'd—
 "I saw my Lady with her legs aside,
 Wagging her tail upon the Captain's knee;
 And after she had done her ride,
 Sit like a bird perch'd on a tree:
 Upon her perch she did not long remain,
 He gave a spring, and she set out again.

I never

I never could have thought of such a trick—

I saw it through my Lady's closet door;
The very sight made me so sick,

I could not stay to see it any more;
But ran directly from the place,

And went into the open air,
And after told his Honour the whole case;

Sitting exactly then as he sits there.

Although the gout had left his feet,

Tell it again, he said, and bring a seat.

I knew Sir Joseph's meaning, I dare say;

Sir Joseph thought that I would vary,

In my relating her vagary,

He knows I always told it the same way.

For he has made me tell it o'er and o'er,

A dozen times at least, if not a score—”

“ Did you see *rem in re* ?” said he—

“ I did,” said she; “ first on dry land,

I saw *rem* in my Lady's hand;

And, after that, saw *rem in re*.

She put it there; I saw how it was teaz'd—

Now it was quite up to the chin,

And then again half out half in,
 Just as my Lady pleas'd.
 Her stays and petticoats upon the floor,
 She in her shift and gown, with nothing more,
 And all the time her shift and gown
 Up to her shoulders like a shawl,
 As she went up and down,
 I saw it all.——"

The Lawyer said, "were you alone?
 Was there none else?"—Said she, "not one."
 "One witness, Madam, will not do.
 Why Miss," said he, "were there not two?"

And as Sir Joseph sent you out—

He told me so;

Why would you go

Alone to scout?—

I had a case the other night—

Exactly the same case, as it was stated,

Between a Damsel and a Knight,

But not by far so well related.

The evidence is not deficient,

For there are three; two are sufficient.

And

And therefore I advise, Miss Kitty,
To leave off spying ; I know spies
They talk and see, although their eyes
Are not so fine, nor teeth so pretty ;
And females that are as discerning,
But very short of Miss in learning.—”
Upon some hints thrown out by Patience,
Before my Lady, she from thence
Set maids to watch, made preparations,
And got enough for her defence.
Before the Lawyer's wife they came,
With all the facts, clearly describ'd and well ;
They could not have told him for shame,
All that she undertook to tell ;
Sir Joseph said, “ Kitty, you see
A spy is but a sorry trade ;
I found, I thought, one cunning jade,
I find my Lady has found three.
And therefore we must be content,
And lie together with my wife's consent :

She

She will not care with whom I'm sleeping,
 Provided both are bound and ty'd,
 That information got by peeping,
 Shall not avail on either side.
 So both remain, coupled per force,
 Till Death has got her in his power,
 Or she's entitled to her dower,
 Neither can suffer a divorce."

MORAL

MORAL:

There are not more than six or seven,
 I think, at farthest, in a year,
 Of weddings that are made in Heaven,
 All other weddings are made here;
 At concerts, balls, at fairs, and races,
 Scarb'rough, and all terraqueous places.
 Suppose you have no friend above,
 And it should chance to be your fate,
 Instead of a celestial dove,
 To get a wild-goose for your mate:
 E'en let her take her flight and roam,
 Never let that disturb your rest;
 Provide a substitute at home,
 Of a bad bargain make the best;
 The best you can, I ought to say;
 The best is—putting her away.

THE BARON'S TALE.

TALE IX.

"LADIES," said Frank, with ladies walking,
 " Please to observe that avery there,
 Suppose their finging goes for talking,
 Their down, for any downy hair.
 They are the types of our gay world,
 You know fine feathers make fine birds ;
 Our belles, like theirs painted and curl'd
 With crimfon cheeks, and breasts like curds.
 Our macaronies with their muffs,
 Are not like finging birds, but piping ruffs.
 The only difference I find,
 Our beaux are vain, the ruffs are proud,
 All our belles feign, theirs speak their mind,
 But are as talkative and loud.
 Pray, ladies, walk a little nearer,
 You'll see the microcosm clearer ;

Behold

Behold those lovers fitting cooing,
 With little interludes of billing,
 Others proceeding without wooing,
 Both are so amorous and willing;
 Their hops, love-feasts, and agapees;
 Our balls, methodist night-wakes, cotteries;
 That bird in dishabille alone
 Is a fine lady in the pout,
 'Till her fine feathers are full grown
 Her ladyship frequents no rout.——”
 Said Lady Bridget, “your remarks are smart,
 But where are there old maids, I pray?
 With your sharp eyes and all your art,
 Can you descry one bachelor grown grey?”
 “Faith,” Frank replied, “’twould be the same
 thing here,
 Could we contract, like them, from year to
 year.”
 “Maids can contract on credit now,
 She said, “but not with folks like you.

Marry, and for your sins atone,
 A wife is easy to bespeak,
 Though you are not a precious stone,
 She'll take you for a verd antique."
 " My sins might have been pardon'd long ago,
 I could," said Frank, " have married you, you
 know.

At thirty, one may venture on a wife,
 At forty-eight, I dare not for my life.
 Listen, and I will tell you why
 At forty there is so much danger ;
 Ladies, a story hangs thereby,
 None of you ever heard a stranger.
 In Lombard-street there dwelt a Banker,
 Not quite a hundred years ago ;
 At thirty-nine he dropp'd his anchor,
 About the purlieus of Soho.
 Service of plate, pinery, villa ;
 Yet God forgive him for his pride ;
 And with a Venus for his pillow,
 This Banker was not satisfied.

In

In Parliament he had a feat,

But by deep study and reflection,

And by conversing with the great,

He found the want of a connexion:

That honour seldom is conferr'd

On people of our rank and station ;

Unless it cannot be deferr'd,

It requires great consideration.

At last, a Peer offer'd his niece,

That had been offer'd to a pleader,

A fine, plump, buxom, roomy piece,

Calculated for a breeder.

Miss and her Lover scarce were seated—

At once she yielded to the Banker ;

His errand was not twice repeated,

Before he rose to kiss and thank her.

This also is the ton at present,

And more compendious and pleasant.

Upon the wedding night, in sum,

Having arriv'd at kingdom come ;

Attack'd the fort with his whole power,
 Forc'd barricades, gates, and portcullis,
 With its attendant chains and pullies;
 He broke into the dungeon tower :
 But when he thought his victory complete,
 A sudden fall'ly forc'd him to retreat—
 You never read of such a Knight,
 In any chronicle before,
 A little boy put him to flight,
 And drove him from the dungeon door :
 Screaming aloud, as the Knight fled,
 Behold the bride was brought to bed !
 Hearing the shout, the Bridemaids blush'd ;
 One man cried, " girls, the castle's won,
 Such an affair must not be hush'd,
 But the Bride's part seems overdone.
 Why scream and shriek, 'twas not like taking
 Troy ?
 Up with the posset ; let us wish them joy."
 They ran up stairs ; then rapp'd and cried,
 Refreshment for the Groom and Bride,

After

After so hardy an adventure !
 No answer came ; the Bridegroom rose,
 And leisurely put on his cloaths,
 Sat by the fire, and bad them enter.
 Our Bridemaids thought the place was ta'en,
 That both the citadel and town
 Were laid in ashes, or pull'd down,
 They heard the shrieks and cries so plain :
 " At present, they have chang'd their mind,"
 Said one, " or else they must be blind.
 For, far from a triumphant form,
 His downcast eyes and drooping crest
 Pronounce it a defective storm,
 Or a drawn battle at the best."
 The Bridegroom cried, " the cause lies yonder,
 A cause to ruminate and ponder ;
 'Twould make the richest Nabob stare,
 Such an expence he could not bear ;
 Hardly the King, much less a Peer,
 If every time he takes a bout,
 A Master or a Miss pops out,
 What must they 'mount to in a year ?"

On which he unclos'd the curtains where she laid,
 Somewhat abash'd, but not dismay'd.
 He turn'd the clothes down, and subjoin'd,
 " 'Tis worth your while to see what's in't,
Ecce Homo! stamp'd and coin'd,
 An hour ago, fresh from the mint;"
 Then made his bow, and march'd off smiling,
 Without reproaching or reviling.
 In ten days after, she and her homuncle,
 Return'd to their right honourable uncle.
 He knew, before he took her to Soho,
 The whole house knew it by the bye,
 She had not many weeks to go,
 But did not think her time so nigh.
 A Privy Council was then fitting,
 In Cloacina's temple met,
 Of females arguing and sh—,
 About a certain famous bet.
 What share my Lord had in the cow and calf,
 Whether the whole or only half?
 The sentence, without an appeal,
 Wrote on the wall, seal'd with the Privy Seal.

The

The sentence written there was droll,
 The calf should not be cut in two,
 The Butler should enjoy it whole,
 His Lordship might divide the cow,
 And Lord have mercy on her soul.
 Said Lady Bridget, "great or small,
 There is some risk, I do confess,
 At forty, nay, perhaps at less;
 Marry before, or not at all:"
 Which, for a Moral, may suffice,
 For any Bachelor that's wife *.—

* A Lady upon her wedding night was brought to bed, in the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles—The Tale is taken from this hint—the hint, and very little more beside.

THE PHYSICIAN'S TALE.

TALE X.

AMONGST the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,
Some Tales unmodernis'd remain,
Which I would not attempt to tell,
Had they been told by La Fontaine :
And this of mine amongst the rest,
Call'd antidote de la Peste.
Said Mrs. Slip Slop, " that may be,
But of all stories I *admior*
Hans Carvel told by Matthew Prior,
No one can tell a tale like *he*.
Carvel impossible and old,
His finger in his wife's gold ring ;"
" How do you know that it was gold ?"
The Doctor said, " 'twas *no such thing*.

Carvel's

Carvel's wife's picture, I declare,
Is always drawn with auburn hair;
Like Mrs. Slip Slop's, lock for lock,
Bushy and curling very fine,
Just like the tendrils of a vine,
About a stake or stumpy stock."

"Doctor, proceed in your own way,"

My Lady cried; "Slip Slop have done,
You talk and know not what you say,

When once your tongue begins to run,
In Dauphiny, by his relation,

A plague arose that rag'd as fore,
And caus'd as great a desolation,

As that of Athens heretofore.

When once the plague is upon duty,

To punish mortals for their sins,
She neither cares for youth nor beauty,

For high nor low, for outs nor ins—
Upon a sweet young lady's face,

She breath'd her pestilential breath,
The fair one wou'd not quit the place,
Neither for the plague nor death.

In

In cities storm'd, 'twere better far,
 Whate'er betide,
 For a young maiden to abide,
 And take the accidents of war.
 Struck on a sudden and dismay'd,
 To a good widow she repair'd,
 Who neither was herself afraid,
 Nor for her lovely friend despair'd ;
 But gave her cordials, and, in brief,
 Hope, the best cordial for grief.
 " This is no season for disguise ;
 " Have you," said she, " eat of the Tree of
 Life,
 That makes us at fifteen as wise,
 As a sage dowager or wife ?"
 The poor thing cry'd, " oh ! if I had,
 I should not think my fate so bad !
 Many die young, and in full bloom,
 But few like me go to their tomb ;
 Not one, if we could know the truth,
 When Love in every artery beats,

With

With all the powers and charms of youth,
Without once tasting of its sweets.

Even now, Death would not be so frightful,

If I could get, before I go,

A hearty meal of what you know,

And what I am told is so delightful—

And, if God please,

May be a cure for the disease.”

Her friend reply'd, “ that is soon done ;

For, God be thank'd, there are enow,

Enow, that have nought else to do.”

The fair maid cry'd, “ for God's sake run :

I know at least of three or four,

That I have oft' refus'd before ;

One very much against my will :

'Tis master John, bring him anon ;

For, by St. Luke, my master John

Must either cure or kill.”

Behold him ready at her beck,

Behold her arms about his neck ;

At

At once, *pour vous le couper court,*

There was no *petite oye*, no toys,

Like half-fledg'd girls and foolish boys,

To antecede *parfait amour*.

Finish'd, repeated o'er and o'er,

'Till master John could do no more.

She staid and play'd, not without pain,

But found it all labour in vain :

"My dear," said she, "you have done me good ;

I thank you for your good intention,

But yet you cannot cool my blood,

With all your goodness and attention.

Go, my dear love, and go to bed,

And send the Marquis in your stead."

He sent the Marquis, then laid down,

Sent for the Curate and confess'd ;

And after that obtain'd the crown

Of martyrdom amongst the bless'd.—

The Marquis far'd the very same,

And died without quenching her flame.

The

The Widow recommended next
 A subject for the vacant chair,
 A swain that never was perplex'd,
 Either with thinking or with care ;
 Form'd and constructed on a plan,
 To build a complete widow's man ;
 During the whole co-operation,
 Far more severe than I can paint ;
 Till he was forc'd to quit his station,
 She never utter'd a complaint.
 He went home jaded, you'll believe ;
 But how, without St. Luke's protection,
 He should escape without infection,
 Is not so easy to conceive.
 Her Father, hearing she was smitten,
 Sent a sedan and chairmen able,
 To bring her home as was befitting,
 But first to land her in the stable,
 Till they were ready to receive her,
 And all things got that could relieve her.

As

As fresh as when she first set out,
 Before she went to the pest room;
 She took a handsome farewell bout,
 Concluding with her Father's Groom.
 The Damsel, when her bed was ready,
 Leaning upon her Nurse retir'd,
 Resign'd and steady;
 And four hours after the poor groom expir'd.
 Consign'd to her old Nurse's care,
 She had not lain above two hours,
 Before the sweat broke out in showers,
 Next came on each side, you know where,
 A *bijou* very fine to see,
 This like her watch, and that like her *etui*;
 Then fell into a sleep profound,
 And wak'd next morning safe and sound.
 Three months were past, the fact was clear,
 She prov'd with child, nor would deny it—
 To her good Mother, as you'll hear,
 She own'd in part how she came by it.—

Three

Three of the candidates were gone,
Three she destroy'd you know before,
Three out of four ;
Therefore it fell to the surviving one,
On whom she was bestow'd in marriage ;
And put an end to all dispute,
About the planter and the fruit,
Next day by a miscarriage.—”

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

Nature has taken special care,
 If you consider and examine,
 To guard the fair
 Against plague, pestilence, and famine.
 Therefore we ought to give God praise,
 That they're not scarce, but in great plenty,
 Or otherwise, for such a dainty,
 We should be cutting throats always.
 For our sakes, Ladies, and your own,
 If there should happen to appear
 The Influenza, like last year,
 Follow this regimen alone.
 As to the dose, I cannot guess,
 Unless I knew your constitution ;
 It may be more, it may be less,
 But, more or less, take it with resolution.—
 This you must note,
 A plague requires much more than a sore throat.

THE

THE APOTHECARY'S TALE.

TALE XI.

APOTHECARIES are not fit,
 None but Apothecary King,
 To deal in gallantry or wit—
 They may tell tales, or ditties sing.
 Always providing and supposing,
 They are not of their own composing ;
 As I am call'd on in succession,
 I shall stick close to my profession.
 A Quack, in a small country town,
 According to report,
 Got great renown,
 For his great cures of every sort.
 He never used to bleed or blister,
 Or to give bolus, pill, or potion ;
 His panacea * was a lotion,
 Or a detergent, call'd a clyster ;

* Over the Doctor's door was written, in capitals :

REMEDIUM UNIVERSALE;

with a motto from Horace :

—— Id quod

Æque pauperibus prodest Locupletibus æque

Æque neglectum pueris, Senibus que nocebit.

And this was constantly apply'd,
 Upon the spot where he resided,
 To every backside
 That would abide it.
 A cobbler came from a great distance,
 With a full confidence possess'd,
 Imploring his assistance,
 Taking him for a conjuror profess'd.
 For he had heard in various places
 Of his success in conjuring cases.
 Beside his stall and cobbling gift,
 He kept a stye,
 And therein kept a boar, whereby
 He made a tolerable shift.
 An ancient pig, of that fair sex,
 Came on a visit to the boar;
 The boar was gone, which needs must vex,
 And make the matron gruntle fore.
 The Cobbler's trust was in the cunning man,
 He search'd woods, valleys, hills and plains,
 But all in vain, for all his pains;
 So to the conjuror he ran.

“ The

“ The Ladies ought to know, before
Your Tale goes on,” said the Physician,
“ The definition of a boar—

’Tis Mrs. Slip Slop’s definition—
An animal with a curl’d tail,
With *testibles* like melons more than figs,
The most continuaceous male,

Ingeniously contriv’d for making pigs :
Pigs, made between sleeping and waking,
They take so long a time in making.
From whence, by Mrs. Slip Slop’s leave,
To make the matter still more plain,
A metaphor is taken,
That from her drawing you’ll conceive.
Thus, all the maccaroni corps,
Call a long story, or narration,
Which is a slow dull operation,

A boar.

You understand it now, thanks to your vestal ;
And, my dear Ladies, I implore you,
Hark to the Knight of the *great* Pestle,
I promise you, he will not boar you.”

The Cobler squeezing through the crowd,
 The Doctor heard him ask his aid,
 But could make nought of what he said,
 The Doctor's patients talk'd so loud.
 "Take him away," the Doctor cried,
 "Convey him quickly to the artist,
 Let him immediately be plied
 With an injection of the smartest."
 On which they took him as directed,
 And all at once; not by degrees,
 Crispin was copiously injected,
 Then set at large, paying his fees.
 As he march'd home, he made a stop,
 The remedy began to work;
 Which forc'd the Cobler to uncork,
 A dunghill drank it every drop:
 Like bachelors and black-legg'd gamblers,
 Boars run about and are great rambles.
 Our Cobler's boar was lodging there,
 And, grunting at the noise, put out his snout,
 On which the Cobler turn'd about,
 Held up his hands, and utter'd a short pray'r.

“ The Lord be prais’d ! ” said he, “ and for the
same,

“ Laudamus to the Conjuror’s name.”

Not only he, his wife, his sifter,

The Parish and the Vicar too,

Believe it was the Doctor’s clyster,

That found his pig out—“ what think you ? ”

MORAL.

In times of troubles and of war,
 A Conjuror's no bad vocation,
 Better by far
 Than in a quiet situation.
 The country vulgar always run
 To the Attorney, Parson, Squire,
 Or London Rider, to enquire,
 Whether or no they are undone :
 And we that think ourselves their betters,
 Apply to some great man of letters :
 To Doctor Johnson, not the amphibious ;
 To Dr. Priestley, Franklin's rival ;
 Or to the reverend and ambiguous
 Mr. W——ll ;
 Who send us to some cunning man,
 To Fox or Burke,
 Or my Lord Smirk,
 The cunningest of all the clan

These

These mount the therapeutick rostrum :

One deals in amulets and charms,

Another sells a famous nostrum,

That animates, corrects, and warms ;

The third, a subtle distillation

To numb the sense of *amputation*.

If any of them should by chance

Guess right, and make a lucky hit,

Mercy upon us ! how they prance !

How we sing praises and are bit *.

* This Tale in part is taken from the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* ; it is not every one that can read them ; if the Reader can, he is desired to compare with those the Tales that are in some measure borrowed from thence, and which are always mentioned ; and he will observe, that the Author is neither a translator, nor an imitator ; but has an indisputable right, with Fontaine, to originality. The Lady is too modest to have made the request herself ; it is made at the request of the Publisher.

THE

These are the things that I have

One day in the month of June

Another day in the month of July

That is the way that I have

It is the way that I have

To make the things that I have

It is the way that I have

It is the way that I have

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THE
CONFESSION
OF
SIR FRANCIS OF MEDENHAM,
AND OF
THE LADY MARY HIS WIFE.

The sins of Lubricity, however shocking or unnatural, are handled in this absurd and impious manner by Escobar, and all the most celebrated Casuists amongst the Jesuits.

CONFESSIO

SIR WILLIAM OF MONTGOMERY

THE LADY MARY HIS WIFE

The first of the series of the
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the first of the series of the

THE
CONFESSION OF THE KNIGHT.

[*To the tune of, The abbot of Canterbury.*]

THE good Frier was in the Confessional Chair,
“By my Faith,” said Sir Francis, “I’m glad you
are there;

My sins are so heavy, and gall me so sore,
Till you lighten their weight I can carry no more.
Derry down, down, &c.

Proceed, said the Frier, no trifles I pray,
I expect all the wives of the Parish to-day,
My sins, said Sir Frank, are not many, nor old;
But no trifles I bring, they’re as sterling as gold.

Derry down, &c.

As

As your time is so precious, to save repetitions,
Without any comment or any omissions,
I will open my budget, and lay down my deeds,
Rank and file in a string, like St. Francis's beads.

Derry down, &c.

Like a Hotspur young cock he began with his mother,
Cheer'd three of his sisters one after another;
And oft tried little Jen, but gain'd so little ground,
Little Jen lost her patience, and made him compound.

Derry down, &c.

Jen play'd on the flute, with her fingers so white,
And twinkled her eyes, and kept time very right,
Then he serv'd up his cousin, a delicate blade,
And old Bridget his aunt, for the sake of her maid.

Derry down, &c.

And, lastly, he ravish'd his Lady so meek,
When she had not lain-in much more than a week,

Although

Although she declar'd she would give her consent,
But had vow'd the last week to lie fallow in Lent.

Derry down, &c.

"These are eight deadly sins," said Sir Francis, and cried;
"Yet the gates," said the Frier, "of mercy are wide;
I can reckon but five, for I pass little Jen,
And old Bridget's a penance instead of a sin.

Derry down, &c.

As to wives—there's no part of a wife is her own,
For the church gives a part, and the parts are well
known;

To withhold what she gives you is sinful and strange,
And courtesy gives you the rest for a change.

Derry down, &c.

The wife is to blame that replies or demurs;
If the act is a sin, 'tis her husband's, not her's:
Let her yield to his fancies, his right is so strong;
And his bargain so hard, he can hardly go wrong.

Derry down, &c.

Though

Though to cuckold the church is a sin that's unclean,
Yet, when the blood's heated, as your's must have
been,

We have power to suspend the effect of her curse,
If you had not done that, you must needs have done
worse.

Derry down, &c.

Thank God, you have none—had you brothers a
dozen,

They would all have been serv'd the same fauce with
your cousin:

But tell me sincerely, my penitent son,

How long were you doing before you had done.

Derry down, &c.

I perceive, by the last, that your fever was strong ;

So I guess, quoth the Frier, 'twas not very long ;

For, if there had been any great intermission,

You must have thrown in a small dose of contrition."

Derry down, &c.

" 'Twas

“ ’Twas all done in fix hours,” said the Knight to the Frier.

“ You’ll be damned,” cried the Monk, “ for a damnable liar ;

Neither you can dispatch, nor the devil, in fine,

As much work in fix hours as will take a monk nine.

Derry down, &c.

After all,” said the Frier, “ in all kinds of sport

A keen sportsman is apt to believe the time’s short :

So your sins I absolve ; but to wipe them out quite,

I enjoin you to lie with old Bridget all night.”

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

THE LADY'S CONFESSION.

WITH a veil o'er her eyes and her bosom all bare,
 Lady Mary kneel'd down, whilst the tears of despair
 Down her cheeks and round breasts like hillocks of
 snow,

Descended in rills to the valley below.

Derry down, down, &c.

"Such tears of remorse, my fair penitent child,
 Flow seldom in vain," said the Frier and smiled:
 "I'll ensure you quite through, you have nothing to
 dread,

From the sole of your foot to the hair of your head.

Derry down, &c.

Though he neither minds bell, book, and candle, nor
 grate,

And is constantly tempting you early and late,
 The tempter of Adam will at last, I believe,
 Be too cunning and strong for the tempter of Eve.

Derry down, &c.

All

All the devil can do with his pricking and spurring
 Is to set you a longing and set you a stirring,
 Like boys o'er an orchard half dropping, half sticking,
 From longing you soon fall to handling and picking.
 Derry down, &c.

And when you have handled and pick'd what you will,
 From the ladies at court to the lads of the mill,
 You come here and repent with great sorrow and
 shame,
 And the devil must go back like a fool as he came.
 Derry down, &c.

The devil can easily trip up your heels ;
 But what then ? You are all such a parcel of eels,
 When your fins lie upon you, you'll every one
 Riggle out like an eel that lies under a stone.
 Derry down, &c.

Then take courage, dear daughter, unburthen your
 mind,
 And be sure, above all, you leave nothing behind ;

'Tis no shame to discover what is death to conceal,
For your doctor must visit the parts he must heal."

Derry down, &c.

" In you, my good father and heavenly guide,
I put my whole trust," the fair lady replied,
" And will therefore premise, with most scrupulous
truth,

A few of the sins I concealed in my youth.

Derry down, &c.

I was taught at sixteen, by a masculine nun,
Till I learnt, from a pistol, to handle a gun;
And then I encounter'd a frier from Furne's
That used to serve her and the abbess by turns.

Derry down, &c.

No Flanderkin monk, since good monks were begot,
Could furnish more game for an abbess's pot;
But how the nun came by such luck should be known,
You must know that the abbess was deaf as a stone.

Derry down, &c.

Though

Though as deaf as a stone, yet so found and so nice,
Was her judgement, when steer'd by the frier's advice,
She consign'd to my nun, as the flower of the flock,
The keys of St. Peter, to open and lock.

Derry down, &c.

Thus my nun watch'd the signals, and had for her
pains,

Both the abbess's leavings, and other small gains ;
For the abbess to balance and make accounts fair,
Put all the young novices under her care.

Derry down, &c.

Now, whether in Sappho 'twas passion or whim,
She amus'd herself better with me than with him ;
So we struck up a bargain that pleas'd us all three,
And I stuck to the frier, and she stuck to me.

Derry down, &c.

Like a filly, quite awkward at first in a manage,
I neither had action or grace in my carriage ;

But from the first lesson to every new chapter
He found me improve, and I found myself apter.

Derry down, &c.

And thus we went on in a round of delight,
When, to vary the scene, I fell in with a knight,
Who had found a way into my cell like a fairy,
And went out, like a surfeited rat from a dairy.

Derry down, &c.

Between frier and knight, my Lesbian's brother,
I was like to become an unfortunate mother ;
But by her assistance and skill I miscarried,
And at last, through her means, to Sir Francis was
married.

Derry down, &c.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

'Twas his confessor's trick, 'twas the frier of Flanders,
To whom all the friers on earth are but ganders ;

Who,

Who, to save the knight's foul, set his sister a dream-
ing,

When 'twas mortgaged so deep it was scarce worth
redeeming.

Derry down, &c.

Since the time that the frier has quitted this quarter -
I have sometimes had luck and sometimes caught a
Tartar;

But I never yet played with a squire or a knight
That could play with such temper and lose the whole
night."

Derry down, &c.

I know, said the frier, they all are slack mettled,
And you'll always be changing and always unsettled,
Instead of one sin you'll have four sins to score,
And your profits and income be less than before.

Derry down, &c.

The sins of your youth are forgiven and funk,
From the first of the nun to the last of the monk ;

But there's nothing can take out a burn like the fire,
Nor the heat a monk leaves but the heat of a frier.

Derry down, &c.

I soon could convince you my counsel is right ;
Said my lady, " Good father, convince me to-night,
Do but come to the door of our garden at ten."

" Adieu," said the frier, " fair daughter, till then."

Derry down, down, down, derry down,

ANOTHER TALE,
FOR THE
ENTERTAINMENT
OF MY
MILITARY FRIENDS.

M DCC LXXXII.

THE AID-DE-CAMP EFFECTIVE :

OR, THE

CONSCIENCIOUS PARSON.

'TIS seldom seen, 'tis seldom read,
 And 'tis, my friends, as seldom said,
 When Man to Mate you tie, or tether,
 That *old* and *young* agree together.—
 Whence comes it?—Each, of different age,
 A different passion will assuage :
 While Madam follows Pleasure's plan,
 Perhaps Ambition guides the Man ;
 Or Avarice goads him on to Riches,
 While vixen Wife would wear the Breeches.
 But, in the day, the discord's flight,
 To what they must expect at night ;
 For sad ! indeed, the Husband's lot,
 Should Spouse's blood but prove too hot.
 Yet that can be avoided too,
 If what our story tells be true.—

A Gene-

A General, ancient in the wars,
Whose front was mark'd with twenty scars,
To make his hours the lighter pass,
In Friendship married a young lass.
Skill'd too he was in arts of peace,
Nor thought to live in perfect ease :
He'd pass his days in dismal plight,
Were dearest Rib not pleas'd at night.
So, soon as settled in their house,
He kindly thus address'd his spouse :—

“ Think not, my Love, I was so vain,
(Forgive me, if I speak too plain),
As to suppose, when I did wed,
I was a match for you—in bed—
Ah ! no ;—I took thee for my wife,
To soothe me in declining life ;
Thy converse sweet is all I want ;
For *other joys* thy heart must pant ;
My blood now flows in gentle pace,
But *thine* must run its youthful race ;

Choose then, in all my handsome corps,
A young gallant, to please thee more.—
Blush not, my Love, and do not fear
To own thy flame;—I am sincere.”

With modest look and downcast eyes,
His spouse express'd unfeign'd surprise;
Then feign'd resentment at his speech,
As if he meant to make a breach,
And cast her off for doxy dearer;
But, when he spoke his meaning clearer,
And swore it was to please them both,
She gave consent (but seeming loth)
An Aid-de-Camp, at country house,
Shou'd e'er attend upon her spouse;
And secret, there, perform his duty—
(*Per General's Orders*) to her beauty.

It so fell out—the garden wall
Was much too low to cover all.
The Parson, from his window, saw
In neighbour's wife a filthy flaw.

What

What Parson wou'd not take amiss,
 To see the pair so loving kiss?
 So often dance, so often frisk,
 As thinking nought of sin or risk?—
 At last his very bowels boil'd,
 To see the dame so oft defil'd;
 His neighbour wrong'd, too, by a friend,
 On whose firm faith he should depend;—
 Eke Envy stirr'd him;—so sly John
 A grave and faintly face put on;—
 Then, taking gown and cleanest band,
 He went to neighbour, hat in hand;
 And, begging much to be excused,
 For the great liberty he used,
 He told him how he was abused
 By Friend and Spouse, in whom he trusted,
 Who nought but for each other lusted.—

The General smil'd, and thus reply'd:
 “Is that all, John, you have espy'd?
 Why, Man, this Aid-de-Camp I give
 Free bed and board, with us to live;

And

And fifty pounds a-year, beside,
To do—the very thing you spy'd.”——

“If so, quoth John, I was to blame,
For hinting at your Honour's shame.
Good friends and neighbours we should be :
Wou'd you but still apply to me,
(Your spouse, I doubt, is not too nice)
I'd serve her, Sir, for half the price.”

FINIS.

1825



And fifty pounds a year, better
To do—the very thing you say it.

“If so, dear John, I was to blame,
For pinning at your house, I blame
Good friends, and you should be.”



Went to the Museum
(Your house is a museum)
I found it a museum.

1825

